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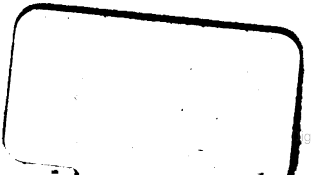

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Elisa Maria Dudkins,
From "dear little Phinney"—
New year's day—'47.
Cambridge. at the Willard House.
Peace be to the New Year!

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Louisa Elinor Linnaeus.
With sweetest kiss with
in this pious [illegible]
which the [illegible]
the benediction of her
own [illegible]
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[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
January 1st 18[illegible]

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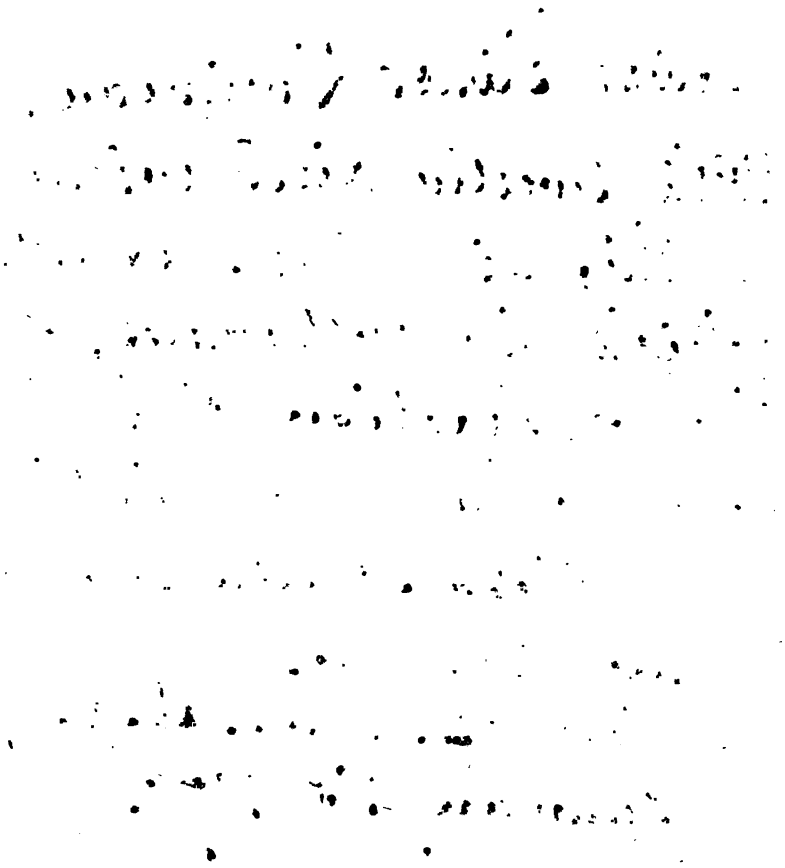

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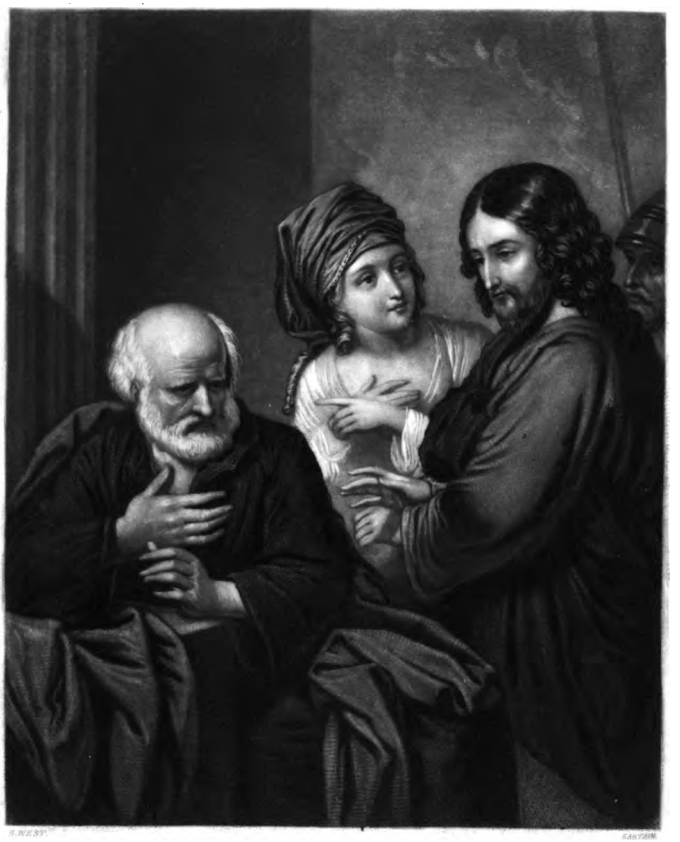

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THE

CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE,

AND

MISSIONARY ANNUAL,

FOR

MDCCCXLVII.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY PHILLIPS AND SAMPSON.
1847.

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CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE.

A WORD FOR MISSIONS.

BY REV. JOHN S. STONE, D. D.

The missionary enterprise is the noblest work of which the human mind can conceive, or to which human energy can apply itself. We do it immense injury when we habitually contemplate it in its details, rather than in its grand general characteristics; when we consider it as the sending of a few agents to the Cherokees, or to the Ojibwas; to the Sandwich, or to the New Zealand isles; to Labrador, or to China, rather than as one great cause, whose author is God, and whose object is a world's salvation. For a moment, then, let us put out of view the minor *details* of this work, and look at some of its more striking features as a *whole*.

Look at the *conflict*, which, in this enterprise, is waged between two mighty opposing principles.

In the conflict of *all* great opposing principles there is something strikingly grand and impressive. The moment we rise above what is little and confined, and begin to look abroad with enlarged and enlightened

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views, we find the world full of these conflicts. That waged in the civil state of the human race, between the principles of liberty and those of oppression, is one in point. It is a conflict which has raged long and agitated deeply. It has made the social state a vast ocean, and vexed it with awful storms. The waves of that ocean have run centuries long and mountains high, and they have tossed mankind to and fro between the distant extremes of anarchy on the one hand, and of despotism on the other. To an eye capable of looking over and taking in this agitated expanse, there is in it something wonderfully great in its power to move, impress, and dilate the mind. To see nations and their institutions tossed like sea-weed on the billowy deep, and to realize that the wave which heaves and scatters them, is the dark, forceful swell of human passion, wrought up into might by the opposing spirits of freedom and of tyranny, is to look upon that, the moral grandeur of which we can but feebly comprehend.

And yet, what is this, when compared with the conflict waged in the missionary enterprise? In this conflict the principles opposed are those of divine truth and those of human error. It is spiritual light urging its onset upon moral darkness. It is holiness moving up to the mortal struggle with sin. This conflict enlists heaven and earth. It has raged ever since the fall. It has shaken the world till its old pillars trembled. It has

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filled time with marvels, and it will make the last hour in eternity listen to its report. It is a conflict in which we see, on the one hand, God, and truth, and light; redeeming love, the church of Christ, every thing good and happy, bearing down, on the other, upon sin, and error, and darkness, upon the hostilities of a world lying in wickedness, upon every thing malignant and miserable. This is the very soul of the enterprise; and the missionary work is nothing but the movement of this soul in action. It is a movement in which are all the elements of sublimity, and we cannot look upon it with a spiritually enlightened eye, without feeling that we have been stretching ourselves up towards the measure of all that is great and good.

Again; look at the *nature* of the missionary enterprise. It is a remoulding and a remodelling of all moral things on earth. This world is the empire of sin. Sin is "the god of this world." He has laid the foundations of his dominion deep and broad. He has entrenched himself in all the habits, customs, and prejudices—in all the institutions of learning, government, and religion, of an idolatrous race. And, thus fortified, he has ruled for ages amidst the dark horrors of heathenism, from north to south, from the rising to the setting sun.

Now, all this system of feelings, usages, and institutions, as spread over the earth, in its varying forms, the missionary enterprise seeks to remould, to recast. It

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seeks, first, to uproot, overturn, and demolish the whole kingdom of evil; to take down its entire fabric from its topstone to its lowest foundation; to sweep the earth clear, and leave not on its wide field a trace of the present order of things in the unevangelized world. Next, and meanwhile, it seeks to let down and lay deep and broad and immovable the foundations, and to rear high and beautiful and eternal the superstructure, of the kingdom of righteousness and peace. Its object is to "bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," and to fill all the habits, customs, and manners, all the learning, governments, and religion of our race, with the spirit of Christ.

In seeking all this, however, it does not come with the instruments of force and bloodshed. The weapons of its warfare are not carnal, but spiritual. It seeks bloodless, noiseless triumphs. The type of its spreading is the silent, beautiful light, rising calmly up against the reign of darkness, and filling the whole heavens with floods of splendour. The image of its power is the quietly pervading energy of spring, with its warm beams and fertilizing dews and quickening showers, transforming, by a gentle but resistless process, the horrors of bleak, desolate winter into the charms of green, joyous summer.

The triumphs of the missionary enterprise are not superficial. It is not alone on the surface of things that it seeks to operate. The whole of its *outward* changes

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are but so many indices to what it seeks to work *within*. The conversion of the world is really a process of regeneration in innumerable hearts. A single case in this process, could it once be fully exhibited, would appear one of the greatest among the wonders of Him, who alone doeth wondrous things. In every mind lie the elements of great and eternal results; and there, by the energies of the Gospel, by the living spirit of the missionary enterprise—there, amidst the greatnesses of that inner world, God is continually unfolding the magnificent results of a new and spiritual creation. How august the grandeur of the missionary work, when thus carried from its *outer* to its *inner* triumphs; when considered as the cause of God in filling the world with holy character!

Once more; look at the *obstacles* with which the missionary enterprise contends. With God, indeed, obstacles are as nothing. But with man, they serve to give *impressiveness* to the magnitude of any enterprise. A single individual, struggling successfully for a noble end against formidable difficulties, is an altogether more imposing spectacle than a combination of many, seeking the same end against few or no obstacles. The energy of principle, unconquerable principle, the sublimity of lofty faith and of inflexible purpose, are vastly more apparent in their exhibition, and vastly more powerful in their effect in the former case than in the latter.

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Thus the obstacles with which the missionary enterprise contends, exhibit most impressively the *greatness* of that enterprise. When I look on the world and see real Christians so few, so *very* few, and even these so feeble, so imperfect, so full of indiscretions, often so shackled with inconsistencies; when I see how deep is the hold which sin has on all the institutions, even in Christendom, of government, education, and society; when I see how strongly it has entrenched itself in all the habits, prejudices, passions, absurdities, uncleannesses, monstrosities of heathenism; when I see how long it has reigned there, how dark it has made the mind, how brutal and almost insensate, the heart—when I look at all this, I am astonished at the movements of the missionary cause: I marvel that it moves at all. It appears to me like the efforts of a few feeble individuals urging a great fabric of institutions up a mountain of difficulties, while a combined world is on the upper side seeking to oppress and heave it downwards. And yet, it *does* move upwards and still upwards; and displays energies which will *keep* it moving upwards, though a thousand worlds seek to throw it back. God gives it vigour and maintains its course, and the movement of the enterprise becomes the visible greatness of Him who is infinite.

Finally; contemplate the *results* of the missionary enterprise. Look forward not only to the time when

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the outward order of things in the world shall have been reversed, and when the visible immunities of the Gospel of peace shall have been established over all the earth, but also to the time when the religion of Jesus shall inwardly reign in every heart, and when the songs of worship and of praise shall go up, not only from the tongue, but also from the soul; shall rise in sweet and sacred feeling from all the earth, and be as incense accompanying one universal offering of peace and love, of truth and righteousness, "from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same." Look forward to the time when "*all* shall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest," and when "there shall be none to hurt or destroy in all his holy mountain, because the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." How greatly glorious is the vision which appears! And, in the certainty that the whole earth shall, by the remedies of the Gospel, be healed of her miseries, what a divine greatness is that which invests the missionary enterprise! To *measure* it is work for the Christian's *faith*. To *rejoice* in it is the attribute of Christian *love*.

And yet, there are not wanting those among us, who, looking at some of the very things which we have enumerated, turn from the missionary work in cold indifference, or in cautious distrust. The feelings with which they meet the movements of the enterprise are those of

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mercenary, selfish calculation, or those of hesitating, sceptical distrust. The friends of the cause are regarded either as applicants to the purses of men for the means of accomplishing some selfish end, or as perhaps honest, but still dreaming and visionary enthusiasts in an adventure perfectly hopeless of success.

But these feelings are unworthy of the mind on which the light of Christianity has shone. The cause of missions is neither mercenary in its aims, nor hopeless of success. In its aim it is the benevolence of heaven seeking to save a world. For its success, it has the power of God, and is *sure* of ultimate triumph. The sun does not hang on high, the heavens do not spread wide their glittering garniture, man carries not within him the spark of immortality, simply that there may be light and space and energy for the speculations of business, for the low and grovelling and belittling pursuits of sordid gain, selfish ambition, and sinful pleasure. *God is doing a great moral work amidst these labours of his hands.* He is working out salvation for a fallen race. He is spreading over the wonders of *creation* the glories of *redemption.* The cause of missions is identical with that of the Gospel. The word *missions* is an epitome of all that is great and good and certain in the objects and operations of the Christian system. And, dear reader, if you have a Christian heart, you will, *must* feel that the missionary enterprise *is* the noblest work of

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which the human mind can conceive, or to which human energy can apply itself. The subject cannot enter your mind with the power which really invests it, without swelling, dilating, enlarging it to the extent of its capacities, without leading your thoughts to stretch themselves upwards and abroad in an intense effort to grasp and take in what is *so great in itself, so greatly good in its results.*

Let me, then, lay the subject on your conscience. Long enough have multitudes "who profess and call themselves Christians," been asleep over the cause of missions. Let us sleep no longer. It is no time for sleep. On every hand have been gathering tokens of a glorious change. The Church is in her *waking mood.* Let us arise, therefore, and put on the armour of light, and walk as children of the day. So far as our individual influence can go, let it not be said that there is a Christian heart opposed or indifferent to the holy cause of missions. Let us lay ourselves, all that we *are* and all that we *have*, on the altar of duty, and become a *holocaust*, a whole-burnt sacrifice, to the Lord, in token that we are entirely consecrated to his service.

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THE SUMMER BROOK.

BY MISS SARAH STICKNEY.

In vain I watch, thou summer brook,
With weary brow and anxious look,
To see thy streams gush forth again,
And dance along the verdant plain,
Gladd'ning the flowers, the trees, the grass,
With liquid music as they pass.

In vain I watch; the sun is high,
The burnish'd leaves are bright and dry,
And, drooping o'er thy vacant bed,
Thy silent couch where weeds are spread,
Implore thee in their utmost need,
To come once more, and come with speed.

In vain the dark and distant cave
Now hides, and holds thy silver wave,
And neither drooping leaves nor flowers,
Nor smiling earth, nor sunny hours,
Can lure thee from thy cool retreat,
To bathe the mountain's burning feet.

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Are there not streams of human love,
Once pure as fountains fill'd above,
That, shrinking from their course like thee,
The wanderer pines in vain to see,
That neither grief, nor want, nor pain,
Shall ever more bring forth again?

And is there not a love divine,
Whose streams, ah, how unlike to thine!
Come smiling forth in suffering's hour,
Nor need the aid of dew nor shower,
But ever through the wilderness,
Flow on, to beautify and bless?

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THE BOY AND THE FLOWERS.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

RADIANT with his spirit's light,
Was the little beauteous child,
Sporting round a fountain bright—
Playing through the flowerets wild.

Where they grew he lightly stepped,
Cautious not a leaf to crush;
Then about the fount he leaped,
Shouting at its merry gush.

While the sparkling waters welled,
Laughing as they bubbled up,
In his lily hands he held,
Closely clasped, a silver cup.

Now he put it forth to fill;
Then he bore it to the flowers;
Through his fingers there to spill
What it held, in mimic showers.

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"Open, pretty buds," said he,
"Open to the air and sun,
So to-morrow I may see
What my rain to-day has done.

"Yes you will, you will, I know,
For the drink I give you now,
Burst your little cups and blow,
When I'm gone and can't tell how.

"Oh! I wish I could but see
How God's finger touches you;
When your sides unclasp, and free,
Let your leaves and odours through.

"I would watch you all the night,
Nor in darkness be afraid,
Only once to see aright
How a beauteous flower is made.

"Now remember, I shall come
In the morning from my bed,
Here to find among you, some
With your brightest colours spread!"

To his buds he hastened out
At the dewy morning hour,
Crying, with a joyous shout,
"God has made of each a flower!"

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Precious must the ready faith
Of the little children be,
In the sight of Him who saith,
"Suffer them to come to me."

Answered by the smile of heaven
Is the infant's offering found,
Though "a cup of water given,"
Even to the thirsty ground.

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FANNY MORELAND;

OR,

USE AND ABUSE OF THE RISIBLES.

BY MISS CATHERINE E. BEECHER.

THERE are some very peculiar characters in the world, who seem to carry with them and around them an atmosphere of fun. Wherever they go, something amusing is sure to occur. Never any thing ludicrous can happen for miles around, but they are sure to be there. While thousands of others can go the same road, and visit the same places, year after year, and never a thing occurs to start even a smile,—no sooner do these favourites of Momus appear, than man and beast, nature and art, all seem jostled into some new and comical arrangement for their special edification and amusement. It is true, that in accounting for this peculiarity, some assert that such persons have such a love of humour, and such a quick perception of the ludicrous, as enables

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them to detect what would escape less searching glances. Others have insinuated, that a little elf of exaggeration always aids to spin a web of fairy work about their adventures and rehearsals; while others maliciously declare, that, bent on discovering what they so much love, when they cannot meet it ready made, they scruple not to secure it by wholesale manufacture.

Whatever may be the philosophy of the case, it certainly is a fact that there are such persons in the world; and it is just as much a fact that Fanny Moreland was one of their number. Fanny was not handsome—she was not witty—she was not learned—she was not rich—nor was she particularly useful; and yet she was a universal favourite. Wherever she went she seemed to carry sunshine, and to give a new spring to every body's spirits. She had an airy, graceful figure, a pretty little hand and foot, quick and sprightly movements; a stealthy, roguish smile, and a perking sort of whisk with her head, that altogether made one think of a frolicsome little kitten. Fanny was always finding something that was "so funny," that she must run and tell somebody of it; and she had such a joyous and comical way of rehearsing the matter, that the listener was half done laughing before she had half finished the story. Had it not been that Fanny possessed an unusual share of good common sense, she certainly would have been spoiled; for never were parents so at their

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wit's end to know what to do with a creature, as were hers. It was impossible for them to reprove her as they did their other children. She always had some such comical apology, or such a laughable way of acknowledging her faults, and was so really amiable and unwilling to offend, that no one could look her in the face, and feel displeased long enough to administer a serious reproof.

Her sports and pranks at school, as well as at home, were without number, for her invention was endless, and her activity untiring. But too kind in heart ever intentionally to wound the feelings of others, and professing a native refinement that saved her from *hoidenisms*, though she often interfered with the order both of the family and the school, she was oftener let off with smiles than with frowns. At school she was the universal favourite, the leader in all sports, the plotter of all tricks, the author of many a merry prank; and it was from her teacher she received the compliment of being "for ever busy in doing nothing," and the familiar apellative of Fanny Frisk.

Among their family relatives was an uncle of Fanny's mother, of whom the elder children often spoke, but whom Fanny had never seen. She had heard of Uncle Enoch, how good he was, and how solemn, and how strict; and when it was rumoured that Uncle Enoch was coming to make them a visit, Fanny was often ad-

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monished after this fashion: "Well, Miss Fan, when Uncle Enoch comes, you will not dare do such tricks before him." "I should like to know what Uncle Enoch will say to you when he comes."

Now Fanny had a sort of intrepid spirit, that was rather stimulated than daunted by difficulties, and she generally listened to such remarks with a sly sort of a look, and a twinkle in her eye, which showed that she felt no little curiosity to see this solemn uncle, who was to frighten her into sobriety; and a sort of suspicion that she should somehow contrive to slip through his fingers, if he should try to take her in hand.

At length the time arrived, and it was announced to Fanny that Uncle Enoch was come. Down went her little garden hoe, and in she ran. At first she took a peep at him through a long window that opened into the verandah. There sat Uncle Enoch—a long, lank figure—bolt upright in his chair; his feet placed side by side, in exactly parallel lines; his knees both bent at exactly the same angle; his shoulders square, and his hands laid in exactly the same position before him. His face was sallow, and strongly marked; his cheeks were somewhat sunken; and his mouth had that appearance of compression that indicates firmness and resolution. Huge dark, bushy eyebrows hung from his forehead, and his eyes were entirely concealed by a pair of large, round, green glasses, with thick, black,

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tortoise rims, which added an owl-like expression to the forbidding aspect of his other features. The first glance sent a solemn look across Fanny's face, from very sympathy; and she turned off with a puzzled sort of look, as if she was quite at a loss to know how to approach such a personage. Soon, however, she was seen gliding around in the back part of the parlour, where Uncle Enoch sat talking, in slow and solemn tones, with her mother. Fanny seemed listening, and watching, and peering about, like a kitten who spies the house mastiff, and almost, but does not quite, dare to venture on a spring at him. At length her mother spied her, and calling her up, presented her to Uncle Enoch, as the infant she once brought to his house. Uncle Enoch looked at her with a long, steady look, through his great green glasses, and then extended his hand towards her. Fanny slowly drew up to him and gave him her hand; and then, in reply to his deliberate question if she was "pretty well," gave a simple "Yes, sir," and vanished away. Soon, however, she returned to the charge, and kept around, listening to his remarks, and drawing nearer and nearer to his seat. She remained silent through the hour of tea, and in the evening scarcely made a remark. At length, however, her mother sent her for the boot-jack and slippers, and while aiding in the operation, she adventured one or two sprightly remarks, which she fancied made the muscles move a little

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towards a smile around Uncle Enoch's mouth. She then ran for her father's loose gown, and with great volubility succeeded in persuading him to take off his thick coat, and sit in the easy chair.

By this time the old gentleman and Fanny were on quite easy terms. Then, as if it were a matter of course, yet in a roguish sort of way, she invited him to "take off his great green glasses." It was said in the same style as if she had asked him to take off his great-coat and hat. At this sally the muscles of Uncle Enoch's face were all relaxed; he turned and looked down upon her with a surprised and wondering look, and yet with a manifest and most benignant smile. Fanny looked up in his face with one of her most comical glances, and lifting her hands with a sort of imploring air, she fairly pulled the glasses from his face. Behind them appeared a pair of mild and dark, yet kindly beaming eyes; and all his features seemed so entirely changed, that Fanny gave a jump of real joy, hid the glasses behind her, and ran off, declaring that the wicked things should never again hide her from such kind and pleasant eyes.

What human being was ever proof against the united charms of kindness, flattery, and fun! Fanny had passed the Rubicon—had won the day; and, after this, Uncle Enoch never seemed better pleased than when Fanny was flitting about him. It was all novelty to

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him. Nobody before had ever dared to invade his dignity in that style; and, though he seemed greatly puzzled, and sometimes a little troubled, he certainly was wonderfully pleased. It was a most amusing sight to witness Fanny, skipping about his path, or hanging on his arm, chatting about any thing and every thing, telling him about this, that, and the other thing, and seeming as comfortable and chatty with him as she was with every body else.

Uncle Enoch did not approve of levity; he thought it very wrong to indulge in idle laughter. He was troubled to see his little favourite so thoughtless and so forgetful of the solemn duties of religion, and of every thing he deemed serious and important. He would often begin to talk seriously with her about her flightiness, and about her duties to God and man; but somehow she would always contrive to slip off into something else, so that the old gentleman seemed all the time puzzled and pleased, anxious and delighted, and at the end would sigh and say, he "could not make any thing of the child, and he was afraid nothing could, unless it was the grace of the Lord."

As time passed on Fanny and Uncle Enoch continued warm friends; and, at his earnest solicitation, she once went to spend a fortnight in the retired and primitive village where he ministered as pastor. Here Fanny found so many odd contrivances, so many queer-looking

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people, so many new and comical matters of one sort and another, that she was constantly amused herself, and constantly amusing all around; though she continued to do it without hurting the feelings of any one. But the old gentleman seemed to grow more and more discouraged at the prospect of ever doing her any good. And yet, when the time came for him to part with her, it was with tears in his eyes, and for the whole day he wandered about uneasy and restless, as if a dark cloud had shut out the sunshine of life. But it was not the charm of her society alone that he felt, and of which he lamented the loss. He bore her on his heart as a wandering lamb, far from the fold of safety, for whose eternal interest he trembled, for whose spiritual welfare he daily prayed. And a time came when those prayers were answered—when that wild and joyous spirit, which for years had skimmed like a butterfly over the surface of this world's charms, forgetful of its glorious origin, its noblest capacities, its immortal destinies,—was brought under the influence of those solemn truths of religion, which alone can control and regulate the disordered powers of the human mind. The interests of an immortal existence—God, and his spiritual service—heaven; and all the terrific hazards of our probationary course,—these became the leading objects of thought, of feeling, and of purpose. Such a change, in such a mind, could not long be a matter of concealment in a

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family where religion was first, and all other concerns were regarded as minor and subordinate. Uncle Enoch soon became a sharer in their hopes and gratitude; and, month after month, so urgent and repeated were his entreaties for another visit, that neither child nor parents could withhold consent.

But why was it that Fanny, who in the days of her worldliness did not hesitate, was so slow and apparently so unwilling to meet her pious and joyful old friend, when her most sacred sympathies were all in unison with his? It was the evening previous to her departure that her father found her alone and in tears.

"What is it that troubles you, my child?" said he.

"Father, I dread this visit to Uncle Enoch."

"Dread this visit! What can be the reason?"

"Oh, father, I am not what Uncle Enoch expects me to be. I know I cannot keep my spirits from overflowing. Religion has made me happier than ever I was before, and it is a sober and rational sort of happiness; but it does not make me quiet, and sedate, and solemn, as Uncle Enoch will expect to find me, and I am afraid it never will."

"Well, my child, I do not think it ever will; and I do not think you need to distress yourself if it does not."

Mr. Moreland was a wise man, who had seen much of the world and much of human nature; and he was an intelligent, refined, and Christian gentleman. The

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difficulty which troubled his daughter was one that had occupied his own speculations, and he took this opportunity to communicate more definite views to her mind than she herself could command.

"Do you suppose, my child," said he, as he drew her on his knee, "that it is wrong to be amused, or to laugh at what is ludicrous?"

"No, father, it cannot always be wrong, for sometimes it is out of our power to refrain. For instance, yesterday, when old Mr. Banks made such a sad mistake at table, and then looked so frightened, and made such queer grimaces, and such an odd apology, I could no more help laughing than I could help breathing, for I am sure I tried my utmost to refrain, both for his sake and my own."

"True, my child, and therefore we are certain that sometimes it must be right to use the risible faculties which God has implanted, in circumstances where they inevitably will be called into exercise. In addition to this, we find that there is a great love for what is calculated to excite these susceptibilities. There is nothing men like better than to be made to laugh, and whoever affords them this gratification will always be a favourite, especially if it is done in an innocent and lawful manner. We also find great constitutional differences in mankind, as it respects the love of the ludicrous, and the power of appreciating wit and humour. There are

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also great differences as to the flow of animal spirits. Some are habitually cheerful and equable; others are phlegmatic, and prone to seriousness or even melancholy. What a difference we find in our own family! Your brother Frederick, from very infancy, how reflective, sedate, and almost melancholy; you are as much in the other extreme; while Mary, so equable and serene, is just half way between. Now, did you expect that religion would change these constitutional peculiarities, and make you such a character as your brother Frederick?"

"Why, father, I had no very definite view on the subject; but I perceive that I ought not to expect it."

"I think," continued Mr. Moreland, "that in estimating religious character, too little regard is paid to constitutional peculiarities; and that a serious countenance, and quiet and contemplative habits, have taken a place as evidences of religious character which is not exactly correct. Religion certainly tends to make us more serious, rational, and contemplative, than if it did not exist; but it does not tend to destroy the peculiarities of nature; nor are we to expect that all consistently pious persons will be of a serious aspect and contemplative turn. Look, too, into the community around. There is our neighbour, Bob French; he is always full of spirits and animation, and always ready for a joke. And yet he is deeply interested in religion,

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and seems to enjoy all its duties. On the other hand, there is John Grant, who has not entered a church these five years, and who sneers at religion and at all connected with it; and yet what a solemn, demure countenance he wears. The celebrated Rowland Hill was as much distinguished by his humour and oddity, as he was for his deep interest in religion. He could not talk five minutes without giving occasion for a smile; and, though he never purposed it, he seldom delivered a sermon without moving the risibles before he was through. And yet, though born to wealth and belonging to the proud aristocracy of England, his time, his influence, and his wealth, were all devoted to the promotion of religion in the world."

Here Fanny looked up with a smile. "And so, father," said she, "you are thinking that I shall make such a funny sort of Christian as Rowland Hill?"

"No, child, I hope you will not have *as many* odd and ludicrous conceits to contend with as he did. Still you will never make a very staid, serious, or contemplative person. Yet you may be as good, and even a better Christian, than many who possess those traits of character."

"Father," said Fanny, "the other day I heard Dr. Jones say, that nothing was better for the health than a hearty laugh; and that half the time I could furnish a better prescription, at least for the preservation of

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health, than any of his medical nostrums. He said that every one ought to laugh, at least once a day, so as fairly to shake his sides."

"No doubt there is some truth in the Doctor's remark," said Mr. Moreland, "and it were well if some religious persons were convinced of this fact. It is true, that habitual levity of mind is inconsistent with Christian character; but it is equally true, that occasional seasons of relaxation and merriment may sometimes be a duty. It seems to me that the constitution of things, in this world, is adapted rather to what men ought to be, than to what they are. If religion held that place in their thoughts and interests which its importance demands, it would produce such strong stimulus, and such deep feeling, as might injure both health and reason, unless some alternative could be introduced, that would, at times, relax the mind, and turn it entirely from such exciting and engrossing interests. And there seems to be a class of persons who, by constitutional temperament, are predisposed to furnish this kind of relaxation, which, in proper times and proportions, is not only lawful but healthful. The difficulty is, that men do not give religion its proper place in their interests; and yet, that the love for this kind of excitement is so strong that there is constant danger of going to dangerous extremes. And it is because of this danger that there is so much watchfulness in the

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religious world, in excluding this kind of enjoyment. And the great difficulty always must be, to decide when and how much of this kind of relaxation is safe and right.

"A person constituted as you are, needs to bear in mind, not only what may be right in itself considered, but also the circumstances in which you may be placed. Your danger and temptation will be to excessive levity; and it may aid you to control it, to bear in mind, that the excessive levity and amusements of worldliness have led many pious minds too far in an opposite extreme; so that you will often be called to practise on the principle of the apostle, when he would not eat meat offered to an idol; not because he deemed it wrong in itself, but because it might tempt a weak brother to offend. So you are required to be careful not to tempt others to violate their conscience by doing what you deem innocent and lawful.

"You will find that many irreligious persons, also, suppose that the profession of religion includes a belief that all merriment is wrong and to be avoided. In such society, you ought not to allow what they will suppose to be a violation of your principles, unless you can have a proper opportunity to make known what they are.

"The most proper time and place for such indulgences is in the family circle, at home. Parents, in the nursery, or at the fireside, can find opportunities enough

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for relaxation, by joining in the sports and amusements of their children. At the same time, they will be gaining an influence over their children that none can secure so surely as those who share in their amusements. This is the reason why your mother and myself so often have joined in your amusements; and why we have allowed you so free license at home, while we strove to restrain you abroad.

"It will do you good to be placed under those circumstances of restraint, which kindness and Christian principle will impose in the society of your uncle; and it is possible you may modify some of his notions, that verge to an extreme of restriction, by watching your time, and accommodating to circumstances, with a kindness and tact which you know how to employ."

Fanny paid the visit to her uncle, and, with her usual fortune, was just in time to witness the only ludicrous occurrence that had happened in the village for years. It was the very next Sunday after her arrival. She had just seated herself in the antiquated church, the relic of the earliest period of the village history. It was a beautiful, warm, winter morning, succeeding one of those *sleet storms*, so well known in New England, which cover all nature with a garb of smooth and shining ice. The houses reflected the sun, like vast mirror plates; the tapering stalactites hung gleaming from the eaves; every tree and shrub was bending be-

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neath its shining load, while the slightest twig or spray was bearing its sparkling jewel. The drifted snow-banks, the whitened fields, the fences, rocks, and every visible object, were glistening in sheets of transparent ice.

Within the church, the congregation were assembled, waiting in silence for the commencement of service. Uncle Enoch was seated in the elevated box, yclept a pulpit, under the pendant, steeple-shaped sounding-board, which, as Fanny said, looked like a turnip hanging over an apple-bin. In front of the pulpit, in the little pen called the deacon's seat, sat Deacon Smith, with white hair, meek countenance, and half-closed eyes; and beside him Deacon Tuthill, with a stolid, fixed, and solemn look. The singers were seated opposite, in the gallery, headed by Squire Bissel, the chorister, with his pitch-pipe before him, all ready for use. The side-door, which, in old-fashioned churches in New England, opens into the broad aisle, directly opposite the pulpit, was standing open to admit the warm rays of the sun.

No sound was heard, except the regular patter of the drops from the eaves, or an occasional crash, as some burdened tree, assisted by the sun, shook off its heavy load, and sent the rattling fragments far and wide, till their last tinkle died away into silence.

The church stood at the foot of a hill, so steep that no direct path led to the side-door; but, as the sleighs

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and foot passengers came along, they could be seen through the open door, passing on the summit of the hill, as they wended along down to the back of the church.

Just as Uncle Enoch rose to commence the service, a sleigh passed on the top of the hill, and, as it came opposite the door, Miss Betsy Bibbins also was seen walking along, with her little wooden foot-stove in her hand. Now this Miss Betsy was a comfortable little dolt of a body, who always calculated to do every thing just about right; one who never troubled herself about others, while others never troubled themselves about her; a quiet, insignificant person, who seemed to be placed in society just "to fill up a chink."

She was always dressed *just so*, and no otherwise; and she carried the most placid look of satisfaction at every thing about herself. The sleigh overtook Miss Betsy; she stepped out, so as to be sure not to be in the wrong place. Just then her foot slipped, and, finding she could not stand, Miss Betsy sat; and, finding she could not sit still, she began to move; and, though she would greatly have preferred another course, it was directly toward the open church door. First, off slid her nicely folded handkerchief, then her psalm-book followed after, and, continuing its course, entered the church door with a bounce, as if to announce the approach of its owner. At length down came Miss Betsy,

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holding up her foot-stove in one hand, and anxiously paddling along with the other, till she came, full tilt, clear through the door, and plump into the broad aisle. Then, with a most rueful look, she gathered herself up, and, trotting round a corner, ensconced herself in her wonted seat, and sat as demure and quiet as if nothing in particular had occurred.

The shock on the congregation was irresistible. No mortal, that had a risible, could refrain from, at least, a momentary twitch. Uncle Enoch, as he stood fronting the scene, had witnessed it all, and for a moment he was obliged to step back and hide his face. But it was only a moment, and it was followed by such a look of contrition, and such a prayer of penitent humiliation, that seriousness and devotion were soon restored to their wonted rest.

But, after this, Fanny easily gained her starting-point; that the control of our risibles is sometimes beyond our power; and then she urged the peculiarities of natural temperament; and then she pled her own cause, with one whose heart was all on her side; and ere she left, she had so adjusted matters, that she never again was found weeping at the thought of a visit to Uncle Enoch.

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THE GIFTED DISCIPLE.

BY MISS ELEANOR A. JONES.

"THE Gifted Disciple," some young voice exclaims, as the eye rests upon the picture; "this is just such a disciple as I like; one whose very look and gracefully attired form bespeaks her superior to that narrowness of mind which condemns the gayety so natural to youth."

Perchance another more thoughtful, may call to mind the injunction of the Apostle, "not with gold, or pearls, or costly array, but which becometh women professing godliness, with good works."

I pray you, gentle friends, suspend judgment, and let my story speak. The picture is a faithful representation of Emma E——, as she looked when for the first time I met her at the house of a friend. She was dressed for a rural ball. Her beautiful hair was adorned with natural flowers; a white rose and bud rested on her bosom; her snowy arm was encircled by a bracelet of pearls;—there was a light in her eye such as emanates only from superior intellect, and a smile on her lip which told of a warm heart. So gracefully and cordially did

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she return my salutation, that at once we seemed as familiar friends. After she left the room, Mrs. M. informed me that she was the only child of a wealthy merchant in an adjacent city. She had just entered her seventeenth year, was idolized by her parents, and much admired for her beauty and talents. An hour's conversation with Emma sufficed to convince me that hers was no ordinary mind. I discovered that she had read much, had revelled in the world of poetry, and that her own bright fancy had thrown fairy colours over the scenes around her.

She spoke of a tour which she had made to the Lakes in the early part of the summer, and dwelt with delight on the beautiful scenery there. I mentioned the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior. She had seen them, and never shall I forget how beautifully she described the limpid water of the Lake, so pellucid that the smallest pebble can be seen below, and where the o'erhanging rocks are reflected with such distinctness that the traveller almost trembles lest his vessel should strike against their rugged peaks.

"Such scenes," I said, "were calculated deeply to impress the mind with the creative power of the Great Architect." Emma was silent. Alas! my daily intercourse with her proved, that in all her lofty and beautiful imaginings, there mingled no thoughts of the High and Holy One who inhabiteth Eternity; that her young

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heart, with all its glowing affections, was destitute of the love of God. As we roamed over the hills, she would often pause to gather the delicate moss, or the sweet wild wood flowers, and would speak of their beauty, but she named not Him who had made them thus surpassingly fair. Nature she loved with enthusiasm, but Nature's God was forgotten. Ofttimes she dwelt upon the powers of the mind, on the affections of the heart; yet thought not of Him whose understanding is infinite, whose name is Love. Sometimes I involuntarily sighed when I saw her thus regarding only the things which are temporal and passing away, and neglecting those which are now, and shall for ever be. I became deeply interested in Emma, and parted from her with regret. During the ensuing winter I heard of her as the gayest of the gay. A beautiful tale and sketch, which appeared in a popular magazine, were known to be from her pen, and she was living in the midst of adulation. Late in the next summer I again visited my friend Mrs. M. I inquired about Emma. "She has been very sick," was the reply; "early last spring, while on an excursion of pleasure, she took a heavy cold; for many weeks she languished on a bed of suffering; her physicians despaired of her recovery; but she is now well, and on the ensuing Sabbath will be admitted to the communion of the ——— church in her native city." When the Sabbath came, the distance being short, my friends proposed

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attending at the church where Emma was to record her holy vows. After the preliminary exercises, the young disciple arose to take her place with the communicants: there was a solemn yet peaceful expression on her face; her fair forehead looked paler than usual; and as I gazed on her, methought

"That spotless brow might wear an angel's diadem."

On leaving the church, Emma recognised me, and invited me to spend a few days with her before I returned home. I did so, and was cordially received by herself, and kindly welcomed by her parents. I embraced an early opportunity of expressing the pleasure which I felt in the change which had passed over her. Raising her tearful eye, she spoke of that change: "When shut out from the world, and feeling myself withering as the leaf, I looked over my past life; I saw it richly crowned with mercy, and as deeply marked with ingratitude. My time, my strength, my talents, all derived from God, had been used solely with reference to myself. I lifted my heart in prayer. A still small voice spoke of Jesus; I looked to him, and found peace."

Various were the opinions expressed when the gay, the beautiful, the talented Emma E. turned from the vanities of life, and entered on the path of piety. Her parents, though not pious themselves, loved her too well

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to interfere with her wishes. Many of her gay companions called it a fit of enthusiasm, and thought that it would soon pass away; but they were ignorant of the strength of that principle which now held sway in her bosom. For herself, she seemed to feel where lay her danger. She feared that she should not humble herself as a little child; she feared that pride of intellect, which reason and conscience told her must ever be impious in the sight of Heaven. There are not a few who falsely imagine that humility requires us to think *meanly* of ourselves, and to deny the possession of those powers which have been graciously given. Emma knew that every Christian grace is based on truth; she knew that to her much had been given, she felt that of her much would be required. She became truly humble. Conscious of her own weakness, the voice of her supplication was "Lead me not into temptation;" conscious of her own responsibility, she united watchfulness to prayer. No moroseness, no gloom marked her Christian character. She diligently cultivated her mind; the hours once spent on light and frivolous works, were now devoted to serious thought, or to the attainment of solid and useful knowledge. Now she loved Nature as a Christian, and gazing on its beauties, could say, "My Father made them all." Nature indeed remained unchanged; but Emma viewed it from an elevated point. The same eye which on the plain has its vision bounded by a narrow

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horizon, when placed upon the brow of a lofty mountain surveys a wide, an almost limitless landscape. The starry vault of heaven bounded not her thoughts; from thence they arose to the Throne of Deity. The great Creator and his works; the Bible, with its high and holy sublimity, gave scope for her powers, and her mental vision, like the eagle's eye, strengthened as she rose. The bright chain of affection which the warm-hearted girl threw around the objects of her love, was strong and firm; for now its upper link was fastened hard by the Throne of the Eternal. Simple in attire, courteous in manner, practising that true refinement which springs from a gentle heart, the young disciple seemed to add to her faith and knowledge "whatsoever things are lovely." To the performance of every Christian and relative duty, she brought consecrated talents, and an energy strengthened by power from on high. Her ready pen was made the instrument of conveying consolation to the afflicted, of pointing the wanderer to the path of peace, or of exhibiting those sublime truths drawn from the pages of Inspiration.—Before Emma E. attained her twentieth year, she was called to drink of the cup of sorrow. By a series of misfortunes the property of her father was swept away; and in a few weeks after, that father was borne to the silent grave. Her parents deeply mourned the loss of their possessions, and they mourned for Emma's sake. She soothed and comforted them. "I

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no longer desire," said she, "the vanities of life; its luxuries are not necessary to my happiness. I have known how to abound, and grace can teach me how to be abased." During her father's sickness she was his constant nurse, and she was made the blessed instrument of leading him to a knowledge of "the truth as it is in Jesus."—"Emma," he said, "in you I have seen the power of that religion which you profess; pray for me, my daughter." The heartstricken mother knelt, while the sweet voice of the maiden rose up in supplication. Before the close of the day her father clasped her hands, and with a smile on his pallid face, said, "My love, the God of my child is your father's God; I trust in Him; to Him I commit the widow and the fatherless."—A few months after the death of her father, Emma was at the head of a flourishing school. True, she had many difficulties to encounter, but she paused not to regard them. She was the sole support of her mother. Emma was at once teacher and friend; her pupils respected her for her rare attainments, they loved her for her excellence. She continued teaching for three years, then became the wife of a clergyman from a distant city. Her beloved mother, now a partaker of like precious faith with her child, accompanied her to her new home. A few months since I paid her a visit. I found her the mother of two lovely children. Her husband was absent when I arrived. On his return, speaking of Emma, he said, "I

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cannot express my sense of her worth; as a wife, as a mother, I alone know her excellence. I am never troubled with domestic concerns. An English writer has said, that 'she who has the best regulated mind may be expected to have the best regulated house;' the truth of this I daily realize in my own comfortable home. Her servants cheerfully comply with her directions, for they feel her ability to direct. The large and intelligent congregation over which I preside realize that the wife of their minister is a blessing to them and to him. In my absence she visits the sick, cheers the afflicted, comforts the dying. Oh! she is indeed a blessing." His lip grew tremulous as he added, "Should I be called to leave her alone, I know that she will rear up her children to intelligence and piety." I was reminded of the declaration of holy writ, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

My gentle reader, think you that there is any thing in the influence of pure religious faith, which discourages high mental attainment, or chills the generous affections, or tends to destroy those graces which lend a charm to the intercourse of society? Will you not rather say with me, that a Christian may and should possess all these in a high degree, and that the mere worldling can never attain to the eminence on which stands the GIFTED DISCIPLE.

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ANSWERS TO THREE QUESTIONS.

WHAT DO YOU LOVE MOST?
WHAT DO YOU HATE MOST?—AND
WHAT DO YOU FEAR MOST?

BY MRS. ABDY.

WHAT DO YOU LOVE MOST?

WHAT do I love?—Too many ties
Alas! connect my heart with earth,
The goods and gifts of life I prize,
And fondly love my home and hearth.

We are but passing pilgrims here,
And even the purest earthly love
May chain us to this lower sphere,
And clog the spirit's flight above.

Yet though by worldly shades pursued,
Though worldly thoughts my mind enthral,
Still, still I turn in gratitude
To Him whose bounty gave me all:

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And trust I humbly may declare,
Without a vain and specious boast,
Of all that in my heart have share,
Lord! it is thee I love the most.

What do you Hate most?

What do I hate?—Such words as these
Surprise in Christian breasts create;
Our watchword should be Love and Peace:
What can a Christian do with hate?

When anger in my mind hath place,
When jealous foes around me rise,
Let me His blessed words retrace,
Who bids us "love our enemies."

Yet while thus patient I abide,
When o'er myself is held the rod,
Oh! may I still have strength to chide
The open enemies of God.

Let me no false indulgence show
When such my sanction strive to win,
But boldly to the world avow
The object of my hate is—Sin.

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What do you Fear most?

What do I fear?—In former years
I should have said, with faltering breath,
The subject of my deepest fears,
The ill that most I dread is—Death.

But thou, my Saviour, thou hast blest
My fainting soul with strength at last,
Safely on thy dear love I rest,
Freely on thee my sins I cast.

Beneath the shadow of thy wings
I rest me from the world's vain strife;
My soul to thee securely clings,
Who died to give me endless life.

And though at times from death I shrink,
With somewhat of my former fear,
Soon on thy goodness as I think
I see the shadows disappear,

And feel that through thy saving love,
And through thy mercy's boundless scope,
Death can no lasting terror prove
To one who lives in Christian hope.

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THOUGHTS ON SPRING.

This beautiful vernal season, what a gloomy unpromising season it arises out of! It is almost like creation from chaos,—life from a state of death. If we might be allowed in a supposition so wide from probability as that a person should not know what a season is to follow, while contemplating and feeling the rigours of winter, how difficult would it be for him to comprehend, we believe, the darkness—dreariness—bleakness—cold —the bare, desolate, and dread aspect of nature; and if he could then, in some kind of *vision*, behold such a scene as that now spread over the earth. It cannot be —that were absolutely a new creation or another world: and might we not take instruction from this to correct the judgment we are prone to form of the divine government? We are placed within one limited scene and period of the great succession of the divine dispensations —a dark and gloomy one—a presence of evil. We do not see how it *can be* that so much that is offensive and grievous should be introductory to something that is delightful and glorious. Look how fixed—how invete-

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rate—how absolute—how unchanging—is not this a character of perpetuity?

If a better, nobler scene to follow, is intimated by the Spirit of prophecy, in figures analogous to the beauties of spring, we regard it with a kind of despondency, as if prophecy were but a kind of sacred poetry—beheld rather as something to aggravate *the gloom of the present* than to draw the mind forward in delightful hope. And so we allow our judgments of the divine government, of the mighty field of it, and of its progressive periods, to be founded very much upon an exclusive view of the limited dark portion of his dispensations which is immediately present to us. But such judgment should be corrected by the spring blooming around us so soon after the gloomy desolation of winter.

The man whom we were supposing so ignorant and incredulous, what would he now think of what he thought then? And again, how welcome are the early signs and precursory appearances of spring—the earlier dawn of day—a certain cheerful cast in the light, even though still shining through an expanse of desolation—it has the appearance of a *smile*—softer breathing of the air at intervals—the bursting of the buds—the vivacity of the animal tribes—the *first flowers* of the season, and by degrees a delicate, dubious tint of green. It needs not that a man should be a poet or a sentimental worshipper of nature to be delighted with all this. And may we not

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suggest one analogy to all this. The operation of the divine Spirit in renovating the human soul—effecting its conversion from the natural state—it is sometimes displayed in this gentle, gradual manner, especially in youth.

In many cases certainly it seems violent and sudden, resembling the sudden transition from winter to spring in the northern climates, but in the more gradual instances, whether in youth or farther on in life, it is most gratifying to perceive the first indications, — serious thoughts and emotions—a growing sensibility of conscience—distaste for vanity and folly—deep solicitude for the welfare of the soul—a disposition to exercises of piety—a progressively clearer, more grateful and more believing apprehension of the necessity and sufficiency of the work and sacrifice of Christ for human redemption. To a pious friend, a parent, this is more delightful than if he could have a vision of Eden as it bloomed on the first day that Adam beheld it. And we may carry the analogy into a wider application. It is most gratifying to perceive the signs of change in the great field of society. How like the early flowers—the more benignant light, the incessant verdure, are—the new desires of knowledge, and schemes and efforts to impart it—the rising, zealous, and rapidly enlarging activity to promote true religion.

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LINES

ON SEEING TWO SCARLET RUNNERS UNITE AND SUSPEND THEMSELVES ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG APPLE-TREE.

IN A LETTER TO A WIFE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

A RECENT sight, my dearest Anne,
Engaged mine eye and heart,
And I the scene and moral too
Would now to thee impart:
A truth was never deemed the worse,
Expressed in figure or in verse.

'Twas in my lovely garden, where
I late and early rove,
In lonely walk, or, happier still,
Indulged with her I love;
And where, to thought or talk resigned,
A part of Eden yet I find.

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'Twas there two plants of tender form
Upgrowing I surveyed;
Both conscious of their weakness seemed,
And seemed to ask for aid:
I marked with anxious watch their bent,
And judged a union their intent.

And so it proved—for soon they clasped,
And, curling round and round,
Looked fearful lest they each should lose
The helper each had found;
But, coupled soon, they firmness gained,
And reached a height not else attained.

But bending now, as weightier grown
They feel their junction weak,
And something both may rest upon
They now together seek;
A tree at hand their wishes drew,
And on this prop they hung and grew.

But as I stood, and while I gazed,
A voice my ear addressed;
"All nature is a book, and he
Who reads, is wise and blessed;
No humble monitor disdain,
Nor let a trifle preach in vain.

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"If 'twas not good for man to live
In paradise alone,
Two in a desert's weary wilds
Are better far than one:
Mutual their wants and wishes, too,
They help, conjoined, each other through.

"Thus thou and thy dear partner both,
In pleasant bands entwined,
Not bound by others, but attached,
By sympathy inclined;
Aspiring upwards to the skies,
Should aid each other as you rise.

"Nor think each other help enough,
Though you the gift esteem,
But mindful of the Tree of Life,
And both embracing Him,
On *Him* your sure, almighty friend,
Your blended hopes and cares suspend."

Although, my Anne, a lot like ours
Has been indulged to few;
E'en we have had wherewith to try
And prove the counsel true;
But as to Him we turned and prayed,
Our griefs and fears have been allayed.

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And should the scene in future change,
And heavier cloudings lower;
The closer we'll embrace his aid,
And meet the trying hour;
And on his grace and strength rely,
Engaged to help us till we die.

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THE SHRINE;

OR,

LOCAL EMOTIONS.

BY THE REV. ALBERT BARNES.

It is an original principle of our nature, which leads us to look with deep interest on any place that has been signalized by an important event. No man can walk over a battle-field but with deep emotion; and especially if the battle which was waged there had any important influence in settling the rights of man, or leading to the liberty which he himself enjoys. And the meditation on such a field will be such as will naturally tend to deepen his attachment to liberty, and to impress him with a sense of its value; or, if he be a pious man, inspire him with a deeper sense of his obligation to God, and of gratitude for his mercies. In like manner, no man can look but with interest on the place of his own birth, or the birth-place of a much-loved friend. To him there is an interest about that spot which no other place can

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possess; and a power will ever afterwards go forth from that place to bind him to his native land. No parent can go into the room where a beloved child has expired but with tender emotion. The room, the bed, the furniture, the articles in which the beloved child felt an interest, have all acquired a species of sacredness; and there is much in that room, and in those associations, to calm the feelings and subdue the mind, and to recall the emotions of love and of grief. No Christian, in like manner, can look but with deep emotion on the place, the time, the circumstances, of his conversion to God. There is a tenderness in his view in the memory of the place, and the manner, which he would not rudely disturb or destroy; there is a sacredness in the recollection of the hallowed scene which he loves, and which he would not fail to cherish. And it is on this principle, also, that we feel there is a sacredness around the places which have been consecrated by the great events of our holy religion. The feelings of that man are not to be envied who could tread, without emotion, the land where David dwelt; or who could contemplate, unmoved, the very rocks, and fields, and streams, on which the Redeemer of the world often gazed. There is no Christian who could look but with deep emotion on the place where the Saviour of mankind slept, sweet in death; or whose mind would not be tenderly impressed, if he stood on the place from which he ascended to God. Nay, in spite of all reason-

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ing, and all dread of superstition, and all resolutions to the contrary, there is no man who would not feel deep emotion at a sight of a portion of the true cross, if it could be recovered; or in the possession of an object of slightest value, which once constituted a part of the raiment of the Redeemer. Notwithstanding all cold argumentation to the contrary, the possession, even of an olive-branch, cut from the very hill where the Saviour ascended to heaven, will make an impression on the mind which no other branch would make; and produce an impression as if there were something mysteriously sacred in that which grew on that sacred spot.

It thus occurs, that the world is full of objects of tender and sacred associations. To some of the human race, almost every object which we see has attached to it some such sacred recollections, and is fitted now to excite deep emotion in the breasts of the living, or has excited it among those who are dead. Every land has many a battle-field, where have fallen many a father, husband, or son; and the memory of that field lived long, producing deep and tender emotion. Every place which we tread is a grave, and over every spot of earth has fallen many a tear; and each place has thus been hallowed in the recollection of many a weeping friend.*

* It has been ascertained, by a calculation, that the number of the inhabitants of the earth who have lived, is equal to 1283 in each square rod; capable of being divided into twelve graves; and

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Every fountain, or running stream, may have been the scene of some tender occurrence that shall have been recollected with deep interest; every grove may have been hallowed as the place where some weeping penitent has sought for mercy from the great Being who made the world; and every crag, and cliff, could they disclose their own history, might tell of some scene of thrilling interest, or appalling danger, fitted to awaken deep emotion in the human heart. It was from feelings such as these, doubtless, that the ancients regarded the hills, and groves, and fountains, and valleys, as the residence of tutelary divinities, presiding over the places rendered sacred by some tender or interesting event. Every place became sacred; in every grove an altar was erected to some fancied divinity, and the air and the earth swarmed with fancied gods. Among the Greeks and the Romans, every thing was connected with religion. Where *we* would simply *feel*, they erected an altar; where we might be conscious only of deep emotion, or be moved by some tender association, they built a sacred temple, and placed there the finest productions of the chisel, and hallowed the place as the residence of a god. Paganism, therefore, fills the world with divinities, and makes every place sacred by the belief of the presence of some supe-

that the entire surface of the earth has been dug over at least a hundred times, to bury its inhabitants, supposing that all that have died had been equally distributed.

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rior being, who is to be praised, or whose wrath is to be deprecated.

I have said that this is an original principle of our nature. It is not the creation of man; and has not been caused by any conventional purpose of society. We could not create it if we would; and we cannot destroy its influence on our own minds by an effort of the will, nor banish it from the world. It bears the marks of being one of those great laws which the Former of all things has impressed on the human soul, and which is to live for ever. We may abuse it; we may pervert it; we may suffer unnecessarily from its influence; we may corrupt it to make it the means of superstition; or we may check, and control, and turn it to hallowed purposes, but it will live; and every hill, and vale, and grove, and stream of the world, will continue to be regarded with tender associations; and through those associations will exert an influence on the happiness and character of man. Superstition and imposture will seek to multiply and deepen these associations; good sense and piety must seek to narrow and correct their influence.

No one can doubt that this, like *all* the original principles and feelings of our nature, evinces *design* on the part of God. There was some great object which he purposed to accomplish by it; and that object may be still secured. There is not one of the original principles of

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our nature, perverted as it may be, which may not be made tributary to some great and noble object, and which was not designed to advance the welfare of man. Society in its progress developes these principles, and turns them to valuable account; and the progress of society is marked by the number and power of the great elementary principles of our nature which can be recovered from perversion, or strengthened in their appropriate influence, and made to bear on the interests of the race. Thus the principle of parental attachment, often perverted or almost suppressed,—as when in heathen lands the mother exposes her own offspring, or the father offers his sons in sacrifice to a bloody idol,—is strengthened and regulated by Christianity, and made the source of innumerable benefits, and becomes an index of the advancement of society. Thus the veneration for parentage, enfeebled and perverted by false religions, and almost annihilated wherever Paganism prevails, is developed, strengthened, and purified by Christianity, and becomes an exponent of the advancement of man in happiness. And thus the principle of attachment to groves and streams, to altars and temples, to our own birth-place, or to the places rendered hallowed by the scenes of religion—perverted and abused as it has been and is; made subservient as it has been, designedly and undesignedly, to purposes of superstition and sin, is one that God intends should be made tributary to the welfare of man, and to the advancement of true religion,

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There are limits, within which its exercise is salutary and proper. There are bounds, beyond which it becomes the handmaid of superstition, and the support of error.

The design of this principle of our nature is obvious. It is to impart strength to virtue and to piety. It is to give force and vitality to abstract rules of morality and virtue, and to bring in to their aid what seems to be an independent power to give them permanency. Most men are less capable of being influenced by abstract lessons of morality and religion, than they are by associations like these; most need something that shall remove from these principles the coldness of abstractions, and shall give to them the power of reality. The great mass of men are influenced, alike in favour of virtue and vice, less by their reason than their feelings; less by cold and abstract rules, than by what appeals to their sympathies and their hearts. Accordingly, there is not a principle of virtue or piety which may not, and which was not, designed to be strengthened by some sacred and tender object of association. There is perhaps no man who is not benefited by revisiting the place of his birth; by turning away from the cares and turmoils, the ambition and the dissipating scenes of life; by ranging again over the fields and by the streams where he spent his boyish days. Every object which he sees serves to recall him from the scenes of ambition in which he may have been engaged, and imprint with new power on his heart the

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lessons which he learned in early years. There is no young man who is not benefited by visiting a mother's grave, and by looking upon the long, green grass which waves over the place where she sleeps. It will recall her lessons of virtue and piety; it will reimpress her sentiments on his heart; it will teach him the folly of a career of vice and dissipation; it will rebuke the spirit of his life, and his forgetfulness of her lessons and her example. The exquisitely beautiful sentiment of Dr. Johnson, on his visit to Iona in the Hebrides, is well known. "To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses—whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona!"* And in like manner, who is there, that has ever felt one genuine impulse in the cause of liberty, that will not find his patriotism strengthened by a visit to Bunker Hill or York Town; who, without finding the great and noble princi-

* Tour to the Hebrides, pp. 321, 322. Ed. Phil. 1810.

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ples of self-denying patriotism strengthened in his bosom, can look upon Mount Vernon? There is not a spot of earth—a grove or a running stream, a hill or a vale, a rock or a fountain, therefore, which God did not design should be made tributary to virtue; and which he does not intend shall be made the means, in some way, of confirming men in the love of country, of truth, of holiness, and of pure religion. Every object "hath a tongue;"* every object speaks and pleads; all the associations connected with the remembrance of childhood and youth—with the lessons of father or mother—with the memory of a sister, brother, or child—with the achievement of liberty, and with the events of religion, are designed to be made tributary to virtue, and to induce us to walk in the path that leads up to God.

This principle is, in fact, made tributary to virtue. If we could ascertain the entire influence which goes forth from such places, and such associations, on our own character, we should be surprised at the amount of that influence, and at what we really owe to it in regard to our own piety and virtue. The influence is secret and unseen, but it is constant. It is like the dew of night. "Who can write its history?" Who can compute its power? It is not the less mighty, because it is silent and unseen. It is not the less real, because it is noiseless and uncomputed. And as it is constant; and as, from the

* Byron.

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nature of the case, a constant influence of this kind is going forth from the various objects around us, it is certainly not improper to endeavour to make it tributary, to a certain extent, to the advancement of personal excellency of character. To visit the home of our childhood—to reimpress on our minds the feelings and sentiments existing in that comparatively innocent portion of our lives—to cherish with sacredness the memory of the time when we gave our hearts to God, and the associations in which it was done—to revisit the places where we have often found sweet communion with God, the grove, the sanctuary, or the retired closet—to visit the room where a beloved parent or child left the world—and to linger around the spot where our pious friends sleep in the hope of a blessed resurrection,—to do all this, for the purposes of deepening our sentiments of piety, and making the heart better, is a prompting of nature, and is not forbidden by revelation. And in like manner, did we live in the land where the prophets and the Redeemer lived—could we retrace the *real* scenes which have been made sacred by the events of their lives, and hallowed as the place of their burial,—nothing would render it improper to seek to strengthen our piety by such hallowed associations.

But it is evident, that no principle of our nature is more susceptible of abuse than this; and that nothing has been more perverted than this to purposes of super-

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stition. It is one of those powerful principles, against the exercise of which, in any form, it is difficult to reason, which may be seized upon by superstition, and perverted to most unhallowed purposes. And it is in this form that we see it most prevalent in the world. The feeling which prompts the Mussulman to visit the Caaba at Mecca, is of this nature; and the feeling which prompts the Pagan to dwell near the shrine of his god, is of the same nature; and such too, to a great extent, is the feeling which prompts the Jew to visit the city where David dwelt; and the Christian to make a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of his Redeemer. It is well known that nothing has exerted a more decided influence in sustaining the power of the Papacy than this; and that that vast system owes more to this perverted and abused principle, than perhaps to any other in our nature. It has sought to throw the charm of the sacred association around every place where tradition has recorded that the Saviour was; and has sought to aid and strengthen itself by deriving support from the power which might be made to go forth from the place of his birth, his early life, his miracles, his burial. Temples there have received the contributions and rich gifts of nations and princes; and the feigned or real memorials of the life and death of the Redeemer have been made subservient to the most mighty form of superstition which has ever held dominion over the mind of man. It was this power which once poured the na-

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tions of Europe on the plains of Asia, to rescue the tomb of the Redeemer from the grasp of infidels; and it is this which has led to the traffic in the relics of the dead, and to the sacred regard which has been shown for the thousands of fragments which have been proclaimed to be parts of the true cross, and to that which has been consecrated and cherished as a portion of the blood of the Saviour. For ages the traffic in relics, and the power of their creation, discovery, or consecration to an unlimited extent, exerted a most mighty power on the minds of the whole Christian world; and was the source of the immense wealth which flowed into the treasuries of this mighty superstition. And it is this feeling which has led to the consecration still of places and objects there, as peculiarly sacred and holy. The devotion of children to the Virgin, an instance of which is presented in our beautiful engraving, is a specimen of this kind—an exhibition of superstition as unmingled and as unauthorized by the Scriptures, as any of the acts of heathen worship by which a child is devoted to the service of an idol god —and doubtless *borrowed* from such acts of consecration among the heathen.

It is remarkable, that while God has laid the foundation for the exercise of this principle of sacred association, and designs that, to a certain extent, the principles of virtue and piety should be strengthened by it, he has taken care that all direct encouragement to it, as it is

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perverted by the Papist, has been by his providence removed. One would have supposed that there would have been some portrait of the Redeemer preserved among his followers, which in future times could be regarded as a correct representation of his person. But it is now clear that no such likeness ever existed. It was to have been supposed that the wood of the *cross* would be preserved by his devoted friends. But there is not the slightest proof that a single portion of that "accursed tree" has been preserved on earth. And yet, while no such likeness of the Saviour exists; while no portion of the cross remains; while it is impossible to identify most of the places where occurred the great events of man's redemption; and while all, or nearly all the relics among the Papists are impositions and forgeries, it is still true that the Papacy owes more to this principle of sacred association than all other causes combined. It is not sustained by the Bible, for the friend of that system seldom appeals to the Bible; it is not sustained by argument; but it owes its most deeply felt influence on the hearts of men to the fancied *sacredness* of names, and times, and places, and things; of robes, and altars, and vestments, and bones;—and seeks to promote its cause by filling the world with objects of sacredness—as Paganism has been perpetuated by filling every grove with temples and altars.

It is possible, also, that this principle may be abused

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by Protestants; and it is not unwise to express a caution on this subject, that the heart may be on its guard. When the mother, with immoderate grief and with insubmissive spirit, lingers near the pale remains of a much-loved child, and the memory of the child steals away the thoughts from heaven; when the wife mourns with insubmissive sorrow over the husband of her youth; when we think more of the cold clay that we commit to the dust than of the immortal spirit that has gone to eternity, this principle is exerting an unhappy and a blasting influence. When attachment to places, to scenes consecrated in our memory, calls us away from duty, and such feelings of superstition become the substitute for piety, we err, and the principle is perverted in the heart. The memory of the home of our youth should excite us to gratitude, and to deepen the pious principles which we learned there; we should tread the field where the battles of liberty have been fought only to deepen our attachment to the principles which were defended there; we should cherish a tender regard for the places which have been endeared to us as places where we have felt the gushing tides of friendship or affection go through the heart, or where we have enjoyed fellowship with God, only to deepen the feelings of virtuous love to our kindred and to our God. When they cease to produce this effect, we err. When they cease to raise our thoughts higher toward heaven, and

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when we delight *in* the association rather than *in* God, it is abused to purposes of superstition, and we are in danger.

And it may not be improper to remember, that all the places on earth which we now regard as so sacred to us, will soon be destroyed. The grave where the child sleeps, and which we decorate with flowers, will soon give up its dead. The places which are dear to us in the recollection, will soon be changed. The fires that shall consume the world shall pass over them all. The house—the family mansion where we sported in childhood, will decay. Every relic of a beloved friend; every dear memorial; every sacred remembrance of those whom we loved, and who loved us, will be gone. All that piety, patriotism, or superstition has consecrated; all that has been employed to deepen the sentiments of virtue, or to maintain delusion over the human mind; all the monuments that have been reared to commemorate the triumphs of liberty, or to perpetuate the endearments of affection, will all soon be gone.

Our deepest, tenderest interest, is IN HEAVEN. There all is sacred. That God may make use of this principle of sacred association there, is more than probable; and all heaven is now filled, and will be filled for ever, with that which is adapted to excite our gratitude, and expand our love. There is the Redeemer—and all heaven is sacred by his presence. There are many of those

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whom we best love, those whom we often fondly clasped to our bosom on earth, and over whose departure we have so often mourned. And if we cherish so sacredly the remembrance of the places where they lived, and where their cold remains now sleep in dust, how much more tenderly should we dwell on the sacred scenes where they *now* live, and think of the green fields of Paradise, and the waters of life where they now dwell. How we should assuage our sorrow for their departure, and deepen our attachment for them still, by desiring to range with them over those fields, and to repose with them beside the river of salvation. And if our feelings are so tender at the thought of the place where the Saviour died, and where he slept in the tomb, how elevated, how sacred should be our attachment to that heaven where he now dwells; how much more ardently should we desire to bow before him amidst the splendours of heaven, than even to weep where he wept in Gethsemane, or to kneel at his sepulchre.

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LINES.

BY T. GRINFIELD, M.A.

Oh, could we pilgrims raise our eyes,
So oft bedimmed with tears,
Beyond the scenes that round us rise,
Of guilt, and grief, and fear;
Could we the sounds of strife, the sighs
Of sorrow, cease to hear;
What glories would our view surprise,
What harmonies our ear!

But oh, the prospect! 'tis too bright;
And if, when faith is strong,
A glimpse of glory glads our sight,—
'Tis faded, lost, ere long:
Yet dying saints, with rapt delight,
Have seemed to catch the song,
Far echoed from those harpers white,
Heaven's holy, happy throng!

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THE PERI AND THE LILY.

DEDICATED TO THE REV. EDMUND NEVILLE.

BY HENRY S. HAGERT.

One morning a Peri awoke from the bed,
Where all night it had lain on the breast of a lily:
Shook loose the brown curls of its beautiful head,
And rubbing both eyes, looked exceedingly silly—
But ashamed to be seen, it drew back in its cell,
And played with the pistil, or, tossing about,
Rocked this way and that way the delicate bell,
Bit its lips with vexation, and longed to get out.

By chance I espied it just leaving the cup,
And sought for a glance of its angel-like eyes;
But spreading its pinions, it flew away up,
And mingled at length with the blue of the skies.
"So," said I, "the prayers that arise on the wings
Of an innocent heart to the Father of Love,
Though the taint of the earth to their plumage still clings,
Like the penitent Peri, are welcome above."

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THE SISTERS;

OR

THE LEGEND OF THE ENCHANTED FLUTE.

BY ELIZA L. SIGOURNEY.

Once, in the old days of the fairy dominion, two sisters sat beneath an ancient vine-entangled tree, which overhung an old stone fountain.

They were beautiful; but why should they hide their beauty in this lonely solitude?—yet not lonely, for each bore in her hand a marvellous [illegible] flute, whose lightest touch had power to [illegible] the voices of a thousand unseen spirits, and reveal to mortal eye and ear the wonderful sealed mysteries of Nature. As yet, its power had never been challenged; but the sisters had been told, that if, at the dim solemn hour between the night and morning, they would venture to sit alone by the haunted fountain, they could find the key to its music; that they could then discover the master-tone which should rule their future destiny.

For a time they sat in awe: for, as the night-breeze swept over the instrument, they were oppressed with a strange sense of the surrounding invisible presence.

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THE SISTERS;

OR,

THE LEGEND OF THE ENCHANTED LUTE.

BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

Once, in the old days of the fairy dominion, two sisters sat beneath an ancient vine-entangled tree, which overhung an old stone fountain.

They were beautiful; but why should they hide their beauty in this lonely solitude?—yet not lonely, for Mira bore in her hand a marvellous talisman—an enchanted lute, whose lightest touch had power to waken the voices of a thousand unseen spirits, and reveal to mortal eye and ear the wonderful sealed mysteries of Nature. As yet, its power had never been challenged; but the sisters had been told, that if, at the dim solemn hour between the night and morning, they would venture to sit alone by the haunted fountain, they could find the key to its music; that they could then discover the master-tone which should rule their future destiny.

For a time they sat in awe; for, as the night-breeze swept over the instrument, they were oppressed with a strange sense of the surrounding invisible presence.

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"Let us try the spell," at length said Mira; "a little low sound is rising in my heart, which may be the key to our music."

"Pause yet a moment," whispered Ernesta, "oh! pause, my sister, and think that of all the great world's harmony, the tone you choose this day must rule your life for ever."

"I have no fear," said Mira, touching the outer chord.

A deep harsh note arose from the instrument: the trees reared their heads towards the sky, and the night-winds raised their voices. The weak vines in their dreaming clasped the trees convulsively, and seemed striving to climb to their summits.

Mira saw gleaming eyes in the darkness, and heard the murmur of strife in the air: even the very grass-blades jostled each other, as they stood side by side.

"Ah!" said Mira, shuddering, "this is Ambition—this is not the master-tone which should rule the world."

With a trembling hand she touched the second chord. A faint indefinite sound, neither music nor discord, played around the lute. The trees swung carelessly, and the vines loosed their hold; the clear waters stagnated; the air was filled with heavy vapour; and all the while there issued from the lute the dull monotonous tone of indolent content. "That is not music," said Mira indignantly.

"Once more, my sister," said Ernesta; and again she

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tried the chords. A flash like sunlight played through the darkness;—a sweet rich strain arose from the lute, and a richer, deeper, sweeter music faintly re-echoed the notes around. The waters smiled and murmured; the little flowers laid their cheeks against each other like happy sleeping children; each created thing responded to the all-pervading music of Love.

"This is the tone," cried Mira, enchanted;—"this is the one great master-key of existence: it is not to toil, nor to strive, nor to battle, that we are placed in this world of pleasure—it is only to live and to love."

"Mira," said her sister earnestly, "try them once again."

"Not again," said Mira; "I have found my life."

"But I thought when you touched the last sweet chord, that a note still sweeter fell upon my ear; try it, Mira!" But Mira heard her not—her heart was filled with the music of love; she had chosen her lot, and over her the untried chords had power no more.

The hour had passed, and the Night Angel was departing: as he retired, he rolled away the soft dark mists in which he had tenderly enveloped the sleeping Earth. The violets opened their eyes in time to catch a glimpse of the brighter eyes which all night long had watched their slumbers; the birds waked too, and looked out from their nests;—but the Night Angel stood with his finger on his lip, and all the world was silent.

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Speeding through the dim air came the Angel of the morning. With a pencil of flame he silently streaked the eastern sky, and fringed the clouds for the reception of the monarch.

The morning breezes grew uneasy in their hiding-places; the hushed waters trembled with eagerness; the flowers held their breath; the birds seemed bursting with long-pent melody;—but still the Night Angel stood with his finger on his lip, and all the earth waited in silence.

Silence!

The Sun! the Sun! with a warm sudden kiss he greets the Earth—the spell of the Night is broken; all nature rises with a shout, and from a thousand thousand tongues bursts forth the imprisoned melody. How the trees wave their arms! how the singing waters glance and sparkle! how the forest gossips nod their heads to one another, and the busy happy breezes hurry to and fro with sweet gratulations borne from flower to flower. All motion—all happiness; every nook and corner of the great Earth filled with life and love.

"Ernesta," said her sister, "art thou still faithless? Does not this blessed morning teach thee that there is no one tone in earth or heaven so worthy to rule as Love?"

"Touch the lute-once more," said Ernesta; "only try once more."

Again those sweet strains rose in the morning air,

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and again to the listening ear of Ernesta rose that faint clear echo-tone, so strange, so pure, so far surpassing music ever heard before by mortal ear, that her raptured sense could scarcely endure the excess of melody.

But Mira's ears were filled with the music of the heart, and she could not hear these higher seraph strains.

"Now, Mira," said Ernesta, "look around, and tell me truly what thou seest."

"I see a beautiful, happy world, full of rich sunlight and flowers, and thronged with good, loving fairies roaming here and there, tending the sickening plants and supporting the delicate flower-buds; helping the young birds in their flight, and teaching all created things to live and to love. And what sees my sister Ernesta?"

"I see, between heaven and earth, God's holy cherubim ascending and descending; searching out the weary fainting spirits throughout the world, and bearing to them balm from Paradise. I see them rising with the prayers of the afflicted, and returning with sweet answers fresh from Heaven. And sometimes I see a newly perfected, enfranchised soul, borne rejoicing by the angels to the Throne, to dwell for ever in the presence of the Fountain of Love transcendent. But, Mira, look *up*, and tell me what you see."

"When I look up, I see nothing, because of the dazzling sunlight."

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"Ah! but through the sunlight I can see the stars! the clear stars, that ever shine and never weary. And hark! From high above the stars floats down the trancing echo-tone. 'Tis the voice of the angels with their harps—they answer my heaven-yearning lute! 'Tis the great master-tone which rules the universe—the music of the soul!"

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THE OFFERING.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, A. M.

FATHER! should we come before thee
With the jewel or the gold,
Should thy children here adore thee
With the fairest of the fold?
Father! thou hast made us lowly,—
Gold nor gems are ours to bring;
Flocks and herds no more are holy—
THOU wilt find an offering!

Is there not a gem more glowing
Than the diamond or the gold?
Is there not a fountain flowing
From a heart of heavenly mould?
Vain were Marah's bitter waters
Pardon for the soul to wring—
Father, for thy sons and daughters
THOU wilt find an offering!

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We have seen Him—we have seen Him,
As the press of wrath he trod;
Human form in vain would screen Him,
Nature knew the present God.
View him on the cross suspended—
Wo, for death's triumphant sting!
Joy for sin and sorrow ended—
God will find an offering.

Father! we will come before thee,
With the gem thyself hast given;
Father! we will now adore thee,
With the Victim sent from heaven—
Dear to thee are infant voices,
When the Saviour's name they sing;
Heaven responds while man rejoices—
God hath found an offering!

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THE DEAD BOY.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Mother! little William lies
Very still—his laughing eyes
Look no more on thee and me;
  Though I speak he will not hear—
What may this, dear mother, be?
  As I gaze I almost fear.
Though I stroke his silken hair,
Touch his cheek, so pale and fair,
Though his pretty mouth I kiss,
Yet he minds not; why is this?
His tiny hand will nothing hold,
And his fingers are so cold!
William! wake!—it is not sleep,
Surely slumber's not so deep.
Pretty baby! look at sis,—
  Look at me, and wake! or I
Shall my little plaything miss;
  Wake! or darling sis will cry.

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I cannot tell what makes him so;—
You told me, mother, he must go.
Yet he's here, and yet he's not,
Somehow. Has he us forgot?
Will he love me then, no longer?
Me, who took him, as I'm stronger,
Every day upon my lap;—
Smoothed his slip and tied his cap—
Played bo-peep, and made him smile,
When you stood and laughed the while.
Won't he move nor shake his head
As he used to do in fun?
Won't he learn to jump and run?
Mother! mother! is he dead?

Yes, my daughter! you must take
Your last look. He will not wake.
Never more with cunning ways
Watch you in your daily plays.
Never show the pouting lips
Where a mother pleasure sips.
Nor the sweet mouth open, so
We may see where pearls do grow.
He was very sick, but he
Is from sickness ever free.
He was weak in every limb—
Active now as cherubim

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Is he. How he sunk in pain!
He will never droop again.
Tears of anguish will not wet
Those blue lids, where Death has set
Solemn seal;—the aching breast
Heaves no more, for all's at rest.
Oh, how changed from him we saw
When, last night, he tried to draw
His pure breath, and each endeavour
Seemed as if 'twould spirit sever
From the suffering body. Now
Calmness sits upon his brow.
Dried is every tear that gushed,
Every labouring sigh is hushed.
Death and sad decay are here!
Beauty of the skies is here!
Resurrection's light is here!
He is here, and he is not!
Oh, my child! a blessed lot
Is our William's now above,
Where small children sing of love,
Casting their young honours down
At His feet, the harp and crown—
Who in heaven the diadem
Wears—the Babe of Bethlehem!
Sweet the hymn, whose stately march
Ever is around that arch,

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Pealing of redemption!—Song,
Sweeter, louder, doth belong
To the cherub infant throng,
Whose sweet voices warble clear
Music, God delights to hear.
Come, my daughter! leave him now;
We, in humble prayer, will bow
At our heavenly Father's feet,
Asking that we all may meet
Where the infant of an hour
Is an angel;—where each power
Of a feeble babe may clasp
Themes that angels cannot grasp.
Parting is to-day, in sorrow—
Joyful meeting is to-morrow—
With him, dearest, then to be
Heirs of immortality!

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JUGGERNATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GOGERLY,

MISSIONARY IN BENGAL.

THE great temple at Pooree, in Orissa, is situated in latitude 20° 38′ north, and longitude 86° 15′ east. According to the Hindoo authorities, it was built A. D. 1198, by Rajah Anonda Bheem Deb, under the superintendence of his minister Bajpoi, at a cost of 50 lakhs of rupees, or £500,000 sterling. It is surrounded with a stone wall twenty feet high, and forms a square of 650 feet. Besides the large pagoda, there are about fifty smaller temples, in honour of Shira Kalee and other Hindoo deities. There are four gates, one at each side of the square, but the principal entrance is the Singha-devar, or the "Lion-gate." Immediately before this gate, outside the wall, is a beautiful column, which formerly adorned the black pagoda, but which was removed to its present position by a wealthy inhabitant of Pooree; it is in honour of the sun. Near the Singha-devar is a monastery, belonging to a sect of Voishnobs, very richly

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endowed; it is frequented by the most learned pundits of India, and the *mohont*, or superior, is a venerable man, of high reputation for learning and sanctity, and is adored by his disciples, whose number, it is stated, amounts to several thousands.

The principal building within the walls is 180 feet high, and 32 feet square, on every part of which, in bold relief, are representations of the most obscene and abominable description. This, however, is not confined to the Pooree temple, for in various parts of Bengal, on the temples of Shiva, I have beheld sculpture, which, had I not seen, I should not have believed could exist. Sculpture of the same kind disgrace all the temples within the enclosure. Upwards of 3000 families of priests and other servants of the idol are supported by the revenues of the temple, among whom are 400 families of cooks and 120 women of ill fame, who are kept for the avowed purpose of dancing before the idols. How affecting the comparative apathy with which the followers of the pure and holy Jesus have so long regarded the abominations and pollutions of idolatry, so openly practised and so perseveringly upheld in India!

Connected with this temple, three idols are the great objects of attraction: the chief of these is the great Juggernath, or Jŏgŏt-nāt'h, from the Sanscrit Jŏgŏt, world; and nāt'h, lord—"Lord of the World." The next in importance is his brother, Bollobhodro, the

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"Great Lord;" and the third, his sister, Soobhodro, which may be translated, "the Great Beauty."

The idol called Jŏgŏtnāt'h is a huge unsightly figure of wood, bearing some distant resemblance to the human form, but without legs or arms, excepting two short projections or stumps proceeding from the upper part of the trunk; it is painted black, with a red mouth, and large red and white circles for eyes. The form of Bollobhodro resembles, in appearance, that of the principal idol, but is painted white; whilst their sister, though denominated the "*Great Beauty*," is the most deformed of all, having neither arms, legs, or neck, the head of the figure consisting of a round block of wood painted yellow, fixed upon the shoulders. These three idols are placed in separate cars, one of which is forty-three feet high, and has sixteen wheels; the other two, forty-one and forty feet high, have each fourteen wheels.

The origin of Jŏgŏt-nāt'h is differently related by the Hindoos themselves, but is generally believed to be as follows: Kristno, the eighth incarnation of Vishnoo, having been killed by a hunter, his body was left to rot in the forest. After a time, some zealous individuals collected his bones, and, depositing them in a box, kept them a considerable time, when the Rajah Indradomon, a man held in great veneration, under the instruction of Vishnoo, obtained possession of the bones; and, entreating the assistance of Vishnoo-koormo, the architect of the

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gods, to prepare an image, in which the bones of Kristno were to be deposited, Vishnoo-koormo is reported to have consented, on the condition that, if interrupted by any one in his work, he would leave the figure in an unfinished state. He commenced, and in one night built a temple on the Neel-giri, or Blue Mountains of Orissa. He then proceeded to prepare an image to receive the bones of Kristno, and continued at his work fifteen days. Rajah Indradomon, hearing no noise, and seeing the temple complete, imagining the work was finished, and that Vishnoo-koormo had ascended to the gods, entered the building, and to his astonishment found the architect still engaged. Filled with wrath at the interruption, the workman left his image without legs, or hands, or neck. In his distress, the king prayed to Bromha, who promised to make the image famous in its present shape. The king, on receiving this promise, prepared to set up this unfinished idol, and invited all the gods to the ceremony, and Bromha himself officiated as high priest on the occasion, which established the fame of Jŏgŏt-nāt'h for ever.

In the month of June, the ceremony of drawing the car of Jŏgŏt-nāt'h takes place. On the day previous to the ceremony, the three cars are brought out and arranged opposite to the Singha-devar. At the appointed time, the three idols, Jŏgŏt-nāt'h, Bollobhodro, and Soobhodro, are brought forth, and placed on their respective

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thrones. Platforms are erected on the car and in front of the idols, and these platforms are thronged with Brahmins. Large cables are attached to the cars, and thousands of persons, hitherto forced into the service by the officers of government, arrange themselves in order to drag the ponderous vehicle, and wait the signal to move. The dense multitudes are at this moment in the greatest degree of excitement, and all eyes are directed towards the cars, which, covered with cloth of the most gaudy colours, and adorned with silver, present, in the eyes of an ignorant, superstitious, and infatuated multitude, a most imposing appearance. Several elephants belonging to the establishment, and kept avowedly for the service of the gods, are clothed in superb trappings, and stationed at different parts of the road along which the procession is to pass, to do honour to the idols. Innumerable banners wave in the air, and great numbers of musicians, with all kinds of instruments, are stationed around the cars. When the auspicious moment arrives, the signal is given, and hundreds of drums, trumpets, &c., send forth their deafening and discordant sounds, whilst the shouts of the men, and the screams of the women, rend the air. In the midst of this tumult, the cars begin to move, and shouts of "*Hori bol*," and "Jŏgŏt-nāt'h swamie ka joe," "Victory to the lord Jŏcŏt-nāt'h," uttered by perhaps 150,000 voices, produce in the minds of the people feelings bordering on delirious

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frenzy. The Brahmins on the platforms in front of the images sing the praises of the gods, and in the chorus all the people join. Songs of the most polluting description are also chaunted by the priests, and these form a prominent part of the religious ceremonies of the day. To these iniquitous songs, the people of all ages and both sexes listen, and respond, with a degree of seeming delight, which forms one of the most affecting demonstrations ever witnessed of the fatal power of idolatry to debase and destroy all that distinguishes the human faculties from mere animal feeling. Having arrived at the place where the cars are to remain, the crowds return to the vicinity of the temple, to spend the night in riot and debauchery. After eight days, the ceremony of the *Volta ruth*, or the bringing back the cars and the idols to the temple, takes place, when similar scenes are witnessed; after which the crowds disperse by degrees, and prepare for their return home.

To this festival about 200,000 pilgrims, three-fourths of whom are females, from all parts of India, but principally from Bengal, generally resort, in the vain hope of obtaining salvation by beholding this unsightly image, so impiously designated the "Lord of the World." The festival occurs during the rainy season, when the low lands of Bengal are nearly under water, and the distress experienced by the pilgrims, and the diseases induced by this circumstance, during their journey, exceed all

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belief. It is supposed that one-fourth of the pilgrims to Jŏgŏt-nāt'h, or 50,000 individuals, perish annually by sickness, hunger, and fatigue! Frequently a family, consisting of a man, his wife, and two or three children, leave their native village on a pilgrimage to Jŏgŏt-nāt'h, accompanied by four or five women, generally widows, belonging to the same caste, and residents of the same village. They have with them a few bundles, containing a change of clothing for each person, an earthen pot, some rice and pease, and perhaps about fifty rupees in money. Filled with hope, they commence a journey on foot of perhaps three hundred miles. They travel slowly, and at noon, gathering a few sticks, make a fire and cook a portion of their rice, which having eaten under the shade of a tree, they pursue their journey, until they arrive at some place where they must rest for the night. On account of the number of travellers, many are compelled to sleep in the open air, on the damp ground. At daylight they resume their journey, at noon eat their scanty meal under the shade of a tree, and again at night sleep in the open air, or, if enabled to get a lodging in any of the *sarais*, (inns,) the small dirty and windowless rooms, with mud walls and thatched roofs, are crowded to excess with miserable wretches, lying on the mud floor, and when the thermometer in the open air at midnight, in that sultry month, is near 90°; within that dirty building, men, women,

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and children are huddled together, with scarcely room to stir.

Under these circumstances, the travellers often proceed day after day, for about a month, the rains and inundations frequently detaining them on the road. By the time they approach Jŏgŏt-nāt'h, one-half of their money is expended; and in paying to the British government the pilgrim tax, without doing which the object of their journey would be lost, and in the purchase of provisions, &c., the price of which at Pooree, at this particular season, is raised fourfold, the remainder of their money is exhausted. They see the idol—join in the shouts of the multitude—listen with delight to the filthy obscene songs which are sung, and with their usual improvidence remain on the spot until excitement gives place to exhaustion, and hunger, and poverty, and helplessness reduce them to a state of the utmost despondency and wretchedness.

Three hundred miles from home, destitute of all provision, many are found without a single rupee, or any means of providing food necessary to the preservation of life. To add to their distress, the filth of the place, and the hardships they endure, disease, frequently cholera, makes its appearance—medical aid is not to be obtained, and to proceed on their journey is impossible. Seated by the roadside, imploring charity from the returning pilgrims, the great majority of whom are in as wretched

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circumstances as themselves, small parties are often seen weeping and praying for relief, till, wasted by sickness and famine, one or more of the number expire, and are left to decay on the spot where they fell, or be devoured by vultures or beasts of prey. The rest, depending on the casual bounty of others on the road, slowly proceed, and, after losing by death one or two more of the party, in process of time again enter their own quiet village, but like living skeletons; and on reaching their own doors, they often give vent to their feelings in strong cries and tears.

A missionary, now labouring at Pooree, writes as follows:—"On one occasion, I witnessed such scenes of cruelty and misery, as no time can ever obliterate from my memory. In one small space of ground (about an acre) I counted upwards of a hundred and forty dead bodies, and in another place ninety: the latter especially were exposed close by the highway, on each side of it, naked, swollen, and putrefying, in the open face of day; while the numbers which might be seen, in other places, and on the roadside, many miles from Pooree, defied calculation. Were I to detail facts which came under my observation, of husbands losing their wives, wives their husbands, children their parents, and parents their children, I could fill a volume; suffice it to say, we have relieved many a child of misery, by administering medicine to the sick, clothing to the naked, food to the

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hungry, and money to the destitute; but what we have been able to do falls short indeed of the wants of the miserable. Many a heart-rending scene we have been called to witness, where we could afford no relief; many poor creatures we have dismissed with partial assistance, under a full persuasion that they would soon want again, and die; and many a scene of death have we endured, and turned away with a heavy overflowing heart from many a fellow-creature, dying without God and without hope, the victims of this wretched superstition."

Such is idolatry! We mourn over the calamities induced by war; but what are these when compared with the ravages of idolatry! Of the votaries of Jŏgŏt-nāt'h alone, nearly 50,000 annually perish, and at the other *jatras*, pilgrimages made to Gunga-Sagor, Allahabad, Gya, Tripetty, &c., perhaps as many more. What can be done to save these immense multitudes from death? Send them the gospel—send them missionaries, that, instructed in the word of God, they may, by the Divine blessing, be delivered from the cruel and polluting infatuations of idolatry, and rescued from the power of the destroyer.

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OLIVET.

BY JAMES EDMESTON.

Ah, sweet and sacred Olivet,
My pensive spirit oft would go
And watch, where love and sorrow met,
And caused the Saviour's tears to flow;

In the still silence of the night,
Imagination there would fly,
And with a solemn, sweet delight,
Feel in my Saviour's company.

Darkness and silence and repose
Hold undivided kingdom there;
As if all conscious that arose
Then the Redeemer's ardent prayer:

What sacredness pervades the ground!
Methinks the light breeze scarcely stirs;
Awe seems to rest on all around,
As if all things were worshippers.

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'Tis good in thought to watch awhile
In such a sacred, solemn scene,
Thus the rapt spirit to beguile,
Though seas and ages roll between.

'Tis good to journey with my Lord,
To Tabor, Bethlehem, Calvary,
Till memory may almost record,
"Saviour, I too have been with thee."

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A SCENE ON THE OHIO.

THE SOLITARY GRAVE.

BY THE REV. J. TODD.

Beneath yon tree where rolls the flood,—
Ohio's gentle wave,—
There stands the stone, still marked by blood,
And there the stranger's grave.

* * It now rained in torrents, and I took shelter under the branches of a huge hemlock which stood near the bank of the river. Seated upon a decaying log, I was in a fair way to rest, and even to sleep, for not a drop of rain could penetrate the covering of the giant tree whose arms were spread over me. Just then the hunter's dog came bounding towards me, with a cheerful look and wag of the tail, which seemed to say, "You are just what I was looking for." He opened his deep mouth, and a single bay brought his master to my side. His hard, weather-beaten, yet kind countenance lighted up as he gave me his sinewy hand; but the smile and the light passed away in a moment, as the heat lightning

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of summer will flash across the whole face of the cloud and be gone in an instant. I had never seen him so moody before, and for a long time sat silently watching him, to see if the clouds which I saw were those which precede or those which follow the storm.

In a short time the paddles and the machinery of a steamboat were heard, and in a few moments more she was in sight—a vast floating ark, moving with amazing rapidity and grandeur. The shower had driven the passengers under cover, and though she was crowded with human beings, yet scarcely one was to be seen. I gazed upon it as I would upon a moving thing in a beautiful diorama—they were all strangers to me. It is astonishing to notice how differently we look at a moving steamboat full of entire strangers, from what we do if we know it contains *one* being whom we know and love! The boat moved on, as heedless of the hunter, his dog, and myself, as we could possibly be of her. We had not spoken a word since she came in sight; but just as she rounded a point above and was going out of sight, the old man broke out—

"Ay, ay, she can double the point safely enough now, and go puffing on as proud as a boy with a new rifle; but I have seen the day when she would not dare go so near that point, or if she did, she would soon be glad to be off, at any rate. She's a grand creature though, and goes like a hound."

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"What are you thinking of, friend Rogers? What *day* are you thinking of, when that point was so dangerous? The trees and the banks look to me as if there had been no great alteration there since your day."

"No, no, the banks and the trees stand *just* as they did. I said nothing about them; but you Yankees are always for skinning the bear before you have caught him, and this you call *drawing inferences.*"

"Well, well, I own I was on the wrong scent for this once; but do tell me the story, for I cannot but *draw the inference* that you have some story connected with that bend of the river."

At once the face of the old man became sad and melancholy. He was silent again, and I began to repent that I had pressed him. He leaned upon his well-tried rifle, and I thought I could see his keen eye moisten.

"Did you notice that I felt bad when I came and found you here?"

"Yes, I noticed that you were silent, but did not know it was because you found me here, trying to keep dry under this hemlock."

"On the wrong scent again! But look this way. Do you see that grave, down in that little hollow, with a stone at its head?"

"I do, indeed, and wonder I had not seen it before."

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"It's easy to see things when they are shown to us. I have pointed out many a deer to a young hunter when he was just going to see it, and wondered why he had not. But that grave, and that point, and my story are all connected. The story however is short, and now that we are here, I *must* think it all over again, and I may as well think aloud and let you hear it.

"It was many, many years ago, long before such a thing as a steamboat was heard of, or even dreamed of, that the event happened. I was young then, strong, and full of life and hope; no one seeing me *then*, would have thought that I should ever become this withered old man."

"As straight as a rifle, and as strong as a buffalo, and with an eye and an ear as keen as an eagle's," said I.

"Yes, I can yet split a ball on the point of a knife at two hundred yards, but this will not be long. My hand sometimes trembles. But don't you talk, if *you* want my story."

"Go on, and I will not interrupt you again."

"Well, it is now nearly forty years since I first saw the glorious Ohio. I shouted when I first saw it; I have loved it ever since, and when I die, I hope I shall be buried on its banks. On a certain day I engaged to go down the river to Kentucky, with Captain Ward, as he was removing his family from the East. The

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journey was long, and at best would be tedious. I went as a kind of pilot, for I was well acquainted with the river, and all points of danger. The country was then full of Indians, and no settlements of any note had been made in Ohio. The whites and the Indians too, were continually making war upon each other; I do not know who was the most to blame. The whites killed the most, and the Indians were most cruel. We purchased an old, crazy, square-built boat, between forty and fifty feet long, and about eight or ten wide. We contrived to spike on a single pine plank on each gunwale, and this was the only thing we had to defend us. We had a heavy load, furniture, baggage, horses, pigs, fowls, and ploughs, besides nearly a dozen people. These consisted of the captain, his wife, and their young children, a widowed sister and her son, besides several men to manage the boat. When we left, we were fearful lest the Indians should attack us from the shore, but we knew that by keeping in the middle of the river, we should be beyond the reach of their rifles, or could be in a few moments. Thus we passed on for several days, till we supposed we were beyond the haunts of the Indians. One day just at sunset, after we had become tired with rowing, we let our boat drift lazily and carelessly along on the current. We were just getting ready to put up for the night. The mother was promising the children a good run on the shore. The widow was

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getting out the provisions, and making arrangements for our supper. The captain and his nephew had hold of the oars, and moved them only just enough to allow me to steer the boat.

"'Rogers,' says the captain, 'suppose we put in this side of that point, and tie our boat to one of those big trees, and there encamp for the night.'

"'It's a right good place, captain, and I like it. Besides, I thought a few moments ago, I heard wild turkeys just over the hill, and I should like to have one for supper.'

"So we put in towards the shore, and had got within about fifty yards of that point around which the steamboat has just passed, when I heard a stick crack as if broken by the foot.

"'A deer,' said the captain.

"'No, no,' I shouted; 'row, row for life, or we are all dead.'

"At that instant, down rushed scores of Indians to the shore, with a shout that made the hills across the river echo back again. The murderous creatures rushed down to the water's edge, and presented their guns, and opened a heavy fire upon us. In an instant the young man snatched his rifle, and rising up his full length, fired at the nearest Indian, who had a shaggy head-dress. The Indian fell, and so did the young man at the same instant. As he fell, his oar dropped overboard, and the

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rowing of the captain brought the boat round and still nearer. The Indians yelled, the women screamed, the horses were falling and plunging, and bullets were flying thick around us. Yet above it all, the voice of Captain Ward rose clear and cool—'Rogers, take my oar.'

"I took it; and he at the same instant seized a piece of plank, and rowed to such purpose, that in a few minutes we were out in the river beyond the reach of their rifles. We knew they had no canoes, being on a hunting excursion, and that we were then safe. But oh! what a sight! the horses were all dead or dying, one child badly wounded, the boat half filled with water, and the young man in his blood in the bottom of the boat. By this time the coolness of the captain was all gone. He lay down by the side of his nephew, whom he loved as his own son, and exclaimed, 'O John, John! O Lord, have mercy, have mercy! I have brought the dear boy to his death!' But the widowed mother! She was pale as a sheet; but she came to her son, raised his head in her lap, and opened his bosom where the blood was coming out still. He was yet alive.

"'John,' said she, in a sweet voice, as if speaking to a babe, 'John, do you know me?'

"'My mother!' said he in a whisper.

"'Can you swallow, John?' said she, putting her hand over and dipping up some water from the river.

"He tried, but could not.

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"'My son, do you know you are dying?'

"'Yes, mother; but are *you* hurt?'

"'No, no; but don't think of me now. Can you pray with the heart now, my dear son?'

"He looked up a moment, and gasping, said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner, for the sake of ——'

"'Of Jesus Christ,' said the mother; for he was gone. She bent over him a few moments as if in silent prayer, then kissed his lips, and for the first time, tears filled her eyes. Till that moment you would have thought she had been talking to a little child just going to sleep, —her voice was so calm and so mild. She was a widow, and this was her only child, and a noble fellow he was. But she was a religious woman. I never saw religion like that before nor since. It was all—'*God has done it, and He cannot do wrong.*'

"We lay off in the river till dark, and then silently came to the shore on this side for the night. We dared not to light a candle, lest the Indians should see it. We milked our only cow, and fed the children, and got them to sleep. We then brought the body of the young man up the bank, and when the moon rose up, we dug that grave which you see yonder. We had to be careful not to make a noise, nor even to weep aloud. But after we had opened the grave and were ready to put the corpse in it, the widowed mother spoke.

"'Is there no one here that can offer a prayer, as we

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bury my only child?' There was no answer. We could all sob, but we had never prayed for ourselves. She then knelt down, the widow, and laying her hand on the bosom of her boy, she, in a subdued voice, uttered such a prayer as few ever made! She was calm as the bright waters at our feet. And when she came to pray for all of us—for the poor Indians who had murdered her boy—when she gave thanks to God, that he had so long comforted her heart with her son, and when she gave thanks that God had given her *such* a son to give back to him—it was awful—we could not sob aloud! You, preachers, talk about sublimity, but if this was not it, I do not know what is. Well, there we buried him, and there he sleeps yet. In the morning I got up at daylight, and came up here to place that stone at the head of the grave. It was bloody, for his head had rested upon it. I found the mother was here before me —perhaps she had been here all night. She was trying to do the very thing, and so, without saying a single word, I took hold and helped her put the stone at the head of the grave. It is now nearly sunk in the ground; but it stands just as we placed it. When we had done, the widow turned and said, 'Rogers,' but the tears came, and I was thanked enough. I have sat on this very log many times, and thought over the whole scene; and though the mother has been in the grave many years, yet I can see her even now, just as she looked

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when she turned to thank me, and I can hear her voice just as it sounded when she spoke to her dying boy. I have never seen such religion since."

"Well, Rogers, though you have never *seen* such religion since, because you have never seen such a call upon a Christian since, may I not hope you have *felt* something like it?"

"I am an old sinner, and have a hard heart;" and the tears ran down his cheeks.

We conversed a long time, and it was good to do so. As we rose up and cast a last look upon the grave, and upon the spot where the Indians fired, I said—

"Rogers, would you like a picture of this story?"

"I have it, sir, on my heart, and need no other; and yet, perhaps, my children could understand it better if they had one. But the story don't need a picture."

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SONNET.

TO MY SON ON HIS EIGHTH BIRTH-DAY.

Eight golden summers on thy brow, dear boy,
Have passed, and shed their glorious lustre bright;
Thy infant prattle's gone, and reason's light,
In thy light form, doth cause my heart to joy
With hope, and thus my anxious cares employ,
To guide that dawning, rising spirit, right
In Wisdom's way, to shun gross Error's night,
And train thee up a man, not Folly's toy.
And though thy lot be lowly cast, or high,
America's thy home, thy native land;
In thy young veins runs blood of virtuous sires,
The God of Love to *thee* is ever nigh;
Thy mother's prayers for *thee* before Him stand,—
What more than these should be thy soul's desires!

HELENA.

Philadelphia, June 11th, 1846.

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"THE FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATERS."

Jeremiah ii. 13.

BY THE REV. JOHN ALEXANDER.

AROUND thy throne, in peaceful streams,
O God! celestial pleasure glides;
The brightened wave thine image beams,
Untinged by sorrow's darkened tides.

That stream my fainting spirit cheers,
When sultry suns pour down their heat;
And when I cross the vale of tears,
It makes the cup of sorrow sweet.

To Thee, the fountain-head, I rise,
No joy below Thee soothes my mind;
My spring of bliss is in the skies,
My heaven in Thee alone I find.

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THE SERVANTS.

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THE BEREAVED.

BY THE POOR TEACHER.

"Come, Lucy, throw aside your book, and hasten with me, for I intend to take you to see old Hester this afternoon, she is so anxious to look upon you again; she declares herself assured that you have returned from boarding-school a real city lady, and will not care to look at old nurse, who so petted you in childhood. I read to her all the messages that you wrote in long postscripts—and it would have brought tears into your eyes to have heard her hearty blessings poured upon your 'bonny head;'—so leave your books, don your bonnet, and come along! Come!"

"Darling sis, I am yours for to-day and weeks to come, if you will; I am ready," was the prompt reply of Lucy Hunter, as she threw aside her book, snatched up her sun-bonnet, and waiting only to place a few presents for dear Nurse Hester in a basket which she carried carelessly on her arm, away went the two loving orphan sisters on their gentle mission of love.

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Short but beautiful was the walk from Oak Glen to Nurse Hester's small cottage, and warm and earnest was the welcome they met with from the old dame, who had nursed the "bonny pets" (as she ever called them) since their birth.

"Ah! Miss Lucy, you are the same, just the same, only more beautiful! brighter like about the eyes; and your hair!—I should know that head of sunny hair among all other heads in the world, and that sweet smile, that laugh, just like the tones of Miss Edith's harp as they steal to my ear in the still moonlight nights over the tops of the oaks that hide your beautiful home from my old eyes. Bless you, my youngest nursling, for your care of old nurse!—And you to think of me in the great city, where there is so much to turn your head and make you forget your old friend—so many to think on, and so much to care for!—And you thought of my rheumatiz—and here is flannels, and yarn, and cotton—and even seeds for the garden!—Was ever old woman so cared for by a young love?"

"Ah, nurse! how could I have been a young love but for an old woman, and that old woman no other than dear Nurse Hester, who took me from the side of my dead mother, and warmed me and brought life into my perishing little body, and who nourished me through long years with her own strength, and gave me all the care I so much needed?

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"Dear nurse, say no more. Are you not my foster-mother? Do I not love you? Yes, yes, and will care for you, too, to the end of my days.

"But, dear nurse, you must thank Edith that I came here this afternoon, for I did not purpose coming till the morrow, when I could have remained longer with you, to know what you want, and what I can do for you; but Edith would come this very afternoon, and so we are here."

"God will bless Miss Edith, she has been so good to me; but then she is good to every body; one need only look at her sweet face to feel themselves cared for; she pities so with her eyes, and she has such a sweet patient smile—and sometimes when I sit and look at her as she reads the Bible to comfort me—when she sits there with the sun pouring in upon her pale face, and the long lashes rest so tenderly upon her cheek, as though afraid to mar its loveliness—and those brown curls, like in colour unto the bright brown of the freshly-burst chest-nut—when I see her thus—and listen to her thus—then I feel indeed as though an angel were ministering unto me."

"Well, nurse, I declare!" exclaimed the merry Edith, "I shall certainly come to you, and so shall sister, when we wish to be put in good humour with ourselves, for you are the veriest flatterer extant.

"Now, we must bid you good bye, but we'll come

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soon again, depend upon it. Remember us in your prayers, nurse; and now indeed, good bye."

With a warm pressure of each hand, the two good girls left the cottage for their home.

We will give a brief history of Oak Glen and of its "bonny pets."

Edith and Lucy Hunter were the only children of the wealthy Von-Reid Hunter, who left his own country at a very early age to amass wealth on republican soil. He was frugal, energetic, and prompt in all things.

At the age of thirty he married an heiress of great wealth, a lady of his own neighbourhood.

His wife was in all things his opposite,—gentle, trusting implicitly, and loving her husband with all the power of her fresh young heart.

It was beautiful to see the touching look of affection which that proud, stern man turned upon his patient sweet wife, and how tremblingly happy she dwelt upon each tone that blessed her ear as it came from his earnest lip and heart.

They lived for many years unblessed by children. This was a sad sorrow to both. In the quiet and seclusion of their country home, they yearned for the sound most pleasing to the happily wedded—childhood's mirth.

But at last there came joy to the husband and wife; joy such as is only felt by those who, bound together in wedded deathless love, first listen to the low wail of their

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first-born. First-born! There is an o'ergushing joy in those blessed words to the heart of a parent; how much more profound then must it be when that first-born comes, the looked-for of years, the prayed-for of years! How yearningly is it held in the hushed embrace! If there is on earth one sight more than another which the Almighty may be supposed to smile on, and to bless, it is this—surely this!

It was a tiny child, a very doll; very fragile, and yet perfectly moulded, was the fairy child—"the baby girl," as old Nurse Hester called "the new found" blessing.

How dear was this child; how happy were its fond parents as they looked upon it day after day, and saw it grow and thrive—and felt it would live and be to them a blessing, and to their home a joy;—all this we leave to the reader's imagination; we have dwelt upon it long enough,—besides, I acknowledge myself disappointed that the first-born is not a boy, after the more modern style of story-telling.

But it was a girl—a little curly, brown-headed, pale girl, that grew to be spoiled and petted in all things.

But her name?—After much discussion, papa insisted on having her called after her mamma, and so they named her Edith—Edith Hunter.

* * * * *

Thus far the heiress of Oak Glen continued to be the

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sole pet of the house, and she was truly a beautiful and lovely one—so happy, so winning, so artless. It brought back dreams of fairies, to look upon Edith Hunter in her sixth year.

* * * * *

There is a hurrying to and fro of feet in Oak Glen; there are servants mounted, in hot haste for medical men. They come. The ponderous knocker is muffled; the house is dark and silent.

Anxious hearts await the hour—it is here, and a second heiress is born, at Oak Glen mansion. Alas for that mansion! Alas for that child!

The mother asks for one look upon the child, calls for her husband, and looking into his face, sinks back—the film gathers over her eyes—and he, the husband and father, holds clay in his arms.

Thy second child has cost thee dear, fond husband. Ah! what heeded he the new-born child, in this his home of affliction!

But there was one to heed the little one—and when the first shock was over, Hester took the little girl from beside its mother, and blessed the bereft infant with love and care.

"Another girl!" said the father, as he looked upon it. "Poor child! poor child! I have paid dearly for thee. Hester, take the baby, and care for it, for the love you bore its mother."

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Years passed on, marking few changes in the family at Oak Glen. Its master never smiled, and seemed bowed by his loss. His children, Edith and Lucy, were there, but they failed to bring cheerfulness to his heart.

Edith he loved best, if we dare say so; for she grew so like her mother, talked like her, smiled like her, was named after her; and often, when that father sat alone, absorbed in dreams of the past, Edith would sit beside him, look into his pale face with her large thoughtful eyes, whilst the warm pressure of her father's hand told her, better than words could, how mutely expressive was the sympathy that so closely linked their feelings.

She gradually stole into his heart, and took as far as possible her mother's place there; and the father blessed his thoughtful child, and withheld nothing from her she could desire.

But Lucy—the bright Lucy! Did the father so love her? Yes! he deeply loved her—but it was a love mingled with sorrow; and Lucy felt an awe of her stately father, but loved him dearly notwithstanding.

Eminent teachers were engaged for the heiresses of Oak Glen, and they became as cultivated as they were good.

Thus years rolled on; and the sisters were happily blessed in the love of each other, in household duties, and refined pursuits.

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* * * * *

"Edith is a woman, now; she is eighteen years old to-day, papa," said Lucy, laughingly, as she entered the breakfast-room one morning.

"So she is," he replied; and then, as he recollected the morning of her birth, he bent his head in his hands, and wept aloud.

"Poor Lucy! you are very unfortunate," ejaculated the child to herself; "always doing or saying something you should have left undone or unsaid."

But she went up to her father, and placing her arms about his neck, said, "I will be forgiven, papa, if my words have pained you. I am a thoughtless little girl, but I do love you dearly;" and the father took his fair young child in his arms, and kissed brow and lip, and prayed God to abundantly bless her.

How that warm embrace *did* bless that young child! how did she remember it in after years! how it soothed and shielded her future!

It was the father's first and last blessing on her head; and she wept with pure happiness.

She felt that she understood that father now, and that he could never make her fear him again.

Business of importance called that father away for a few hours; his horse stood saddled, and his man held the bridle-rein, yet the father came not forth. Fearing he might suddenly have been taken ill, Edith, who was

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privileged in the household, went to her father's study, —knocked at the door.

Receiving no answer, she opened it gently, and with a wild pull at the bell-rope summoned the household.

There lay her father insensible on the floor. He had fallen in a fit of apoplexy. His horse standing saddled, it was the work of an instant for a servant to mount, and bring medical aid. It came, but it brought no relief. The sick man knew his children, but, ere another morning dawned, his spirit had passed from earth to heaven. And his children, his fair girls, were orphans,—how closely linked together, those alone can tell who are bound by blood and one common wo.

The father's will left them sole possessors of his immense wealth, which was to be equally divided at the marriage of either child.

Until then he wished them to reside at Oak Glen. Lucy, his youngest born, he desired would leave Oak Glen to resume her studies until she was fifteen. Lastly, he desired, if they needed advice or protection at any time, they would seek it of their only relative, Duke Elsendorf of Hanover; but he advised them not to seek it unless they stood greatly in need; and then a letter, simply stating that Von Reid Hunter requested aid of Duke Elsendorf for his only children, would insure it to them. Such were the contents of their father's will.

And the orphans, the lonely orphans, (shall we call

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those lonely whom all blessed, and whose presence blessed like sunlight the lowly and the high?) lived on.

Lucy had completed her education, and was now home again. She was just fifteen.

We introduced the sisters, Edith and Lucy, to our readers in their first walk to the cottage of their old nurse, after Lucy's return to Oak Glen.

They walked on lovingly together, forming happy plans for their future, in which each was to share the joy of the other;—Lucy had so much to tell, and Edith so much yet to hear.

At length, they came within sight of their beautiful home—a home meet for loving hearts it was too, with its large marble pillars, its high steps, and its corridors filled with flowers in full bloom.

The stately structure was shaded by fine old oak trees, which Mr. Hunter had allowed to grow luxuriantly about his dwelling. He loved these kings of the forest, and named his place from them. Secluded as it was, its fame was widely spread as the resort alike of the intelligent traveller and the poor of its neighbourhood.

"Go to the ladies of Oak Glen," was the advice given by the neighbourhood to the needy or suffering; and truly none ever went, either in want or pain, but they left it relieved and comforted.

Edith and Lucy had just turned the corner where the broadest oak branches swept the tall pillars of their

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stately mansion. Lucy quickened her pace, and flinging off her sun-bonnet, which she threw into the slight basket she carried on her arm, declared she would sleep soundly, for her feet felt sore, and she was really, for once, quite tired of walking.

But she stops suddenly—for there, on the broad step, with her head bent upon her hand and the tears streaming through those thin pale fingers, sits a way-worn woman.

"Who can she be? Look, sister, look! a sufferer; and she has a babe too! a little babe, who sleeps! Poor child! poor mother, I should say—the child is happy—it sleeps; and the mother, does she too sleep? see, she moves not! Let us speak to her."

And Lucy laid her hand on the arm of that mother, but she slept too soundly; the hand grasped tightly the arm of her sleeping child—and there they slept, worn out with pain and travel—there they slept. And there the sisters stood hushed, looking upon the pale wanderer with pitying love.

They would have pitied any one thus thrown upon their sympathy; but as they looked upon the long pale slender fingers, the dust-soiled garments of black, and the close-fitting cap that encircled the round small face of the sufferer, a deeper feeling than sympathy stole into their hearts; they felt that it was an affliction of no common kind that had crushed her.

Edith stepped forward to take the sleeping babe. It

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roused the mother, who started up wildly, and convulsively clasping the child, cried, "Leave me this! leave me my child!—I will work for parish bread—I will slave for you—only leave my child to me!"

"Poor child of affliction!" said Edith, "we only wish to help you; you look pale—have no doubt travelled far and suffered much. We would assist you—so give me the babe, and come with us."

"Oh no, I will not give you my babe!—I will go with you any where, but you must not have my boy."

She looked up as she spoke thus, but there was so much goodness, pity, and love in the glance bent upon her by Edith, that she seemed reassured, and she rose to follow her; but swooning away, she sank down.

Lucy quickly called assistance, and Edith took the babe from the insensible mother, and they were both conveyed into the hospitable mansion.

Many cordial restoratives were applied to the overwearied one as she lay upon Edith's bed, and she soon partially recovered; but only to rave the more incoherently about her babe, her boy, and their home by the blue Weber.

There was a foreign accent in her speech, that proclaimed her a European.

But how talked she so good English, and how came she here? All the thronging questions that came through the minds of the sisters we leave to the imagination.

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Lucy took especial charge of the little boy, who seemed to understand her, and sleep with her, and be amused by her, as though he felt blessed and safe in her love.

Six weeks thus glided away, and the sick mother began to recover her strength. How strange to the sick one seemed all around her!

"Where am I? Where are Alice and Hampton?" were her first sane questions.

Edith forbade her speaking, but replied, "You have been ill and have suffered much; you must rest now, and then you shall hear all."

"And my boy?"

"He is safe, well, and happy; he is here, but you must not see him now. Try to sleep."

The gentle-hearted girl soothed the bereaved one to rest.

Did not the angels above smile approvingly on the benevolent and unselfish pity thus bestowed upon the way-worn and the apparently death-stricken?

Weeks wore into months, and the invalid was gradually restored to health; if that can be called health which is glowing faintly on her pale cheek.

There she sits in a large chair, with Lucy beside her, and her boy is playing with old Hester's pincushion. Edith has just stepped in; but Lucy has been delicately expressing a desire to know something of her history.

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"My kind benefactress, it is indeed only meet you should know whom you have sheltered, and why I am here. My name is Emilie Von Reidel; I am of German birth, though educated in England. Hildesheim, on the banks of the Seine River, was my birthplace, where I spent a few years of happy childhood ere I lost both my parents. My father left me in charge of a dearly loved friend, who sent me to England that I might be educated and protected by powerful friends of his, among the proudest of its nobility.

"Of this guardian I would speak; he was like myself, an orphan—much older than I, to be sure, but you could scarcely look upon him and think of his age, he was so stamped with a lofty and daring beauty.

"He seldom smiled, and yet when a smile broke over his countenance, it was as magical as rare; it seemed like a burst of light, it so irradiated his expressive face.

"I should tell you that the estate of my father, Duke Hildesheim, my home, and the place of my birth, was no longer mine. At my father's death it descended to the next male heir, and I was only left the jointure of my mother.

"However, this I little felt, for my guardian supplied me with my allowance, which was ample; and long years passed ere I knew or learned the actual truth, how noble, how more than noble, was he, the guardian of my father's lonely child.

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"I grew to womanhood. I was introduced at court; I was wooed—but I wore a charmed heart.

"To me there was no tone like Duke Verden's—no smile like his. He watched over me, gratified all my caprices, and was ever near me with a love and protection that charmed my life, and pleased my imagination. He smiled on few, he waited on none, save me. I saw his daily life, and I loved him with a wild idolatry. He was the staple of my day-dreams, the food of my inmost soul. I was taken ill, and in that illness revealed that love, that worship.

"I recovered slowly, and then did I hear from Verden a confession that made my life blessed. It was, that better than any living being did he love me, and with his life would he protect me.

"I became his happy wife—how devotedly loved, how tenderly shielded, you can never know.

"We were married in England, where I was courted and caressed as Duchess of Verden. But I wished to return to my fatherland. I was blessed for this in the low murmured tones of approval of my lover-husband, for I had only echoed his heart's wish. We returned to our home, my husband's home, on the banks of the Weber, where we were happy for months.

"The death, however, of a relative with immense landed property, left him and his brother heirs to it all.

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"'Your brother!' I exclaimed, when the announcement reached my ears, 'your brother! Herman, why I never knew you had a brother.' 'Oh, yes,' he replied mournfully, 'I had one, and as he promised to write me on his deathbed, I know by his silence that he is still alive. But his is a sad tale, Emilie, and yet a tale you must hear. I wronged that brother; not designedly, not wilfully, but I wronged him grossly. How deeply by years of suffering I have atoned for that early wrong, let my withered youth, and my unsmiling manhood, tell. When I return from America, for which place I shall sail on Thursday fortnight, you shall know all. I will search the whole land to discover him.'

"I could not urge him to stay, for I saw he was strongly desirous of going, and I felt he would be happier when he came back.

"Why should I dwell upon our parting. Enough that we did part. It was to be for a few months only, and I promised to live on, happily looking for his return. He returned no more! My husband never resumed the history of his brother.

"Indeed, there could be little remaining to relate. In less than a fortnight he embarked for America; the ship was wrecked, and every soul on board perished, in sight, too, of another vessel, itself in too much peril to be able to render the crew any assistance.

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"My noble-hearted husband found a watery grave—far from his home, his wife, and his brother, whom he so dearly loved, who would never know all he braved for his sake.

"My husband's papers, upon being examined, (he had left them in order in case of his death,) willed all his landed property to his brother, reserving an ample independence for me, imploring me to leave no effort untried to find his brother, and make known to him the disposition of his property.

"My health at the time was precarious, and my physicians judged it advisable for me to travel, believing that change of scene would go far to restore me. My arrangements were soon made, and I sailed for this country, bringing with me every necessary evidence to convince my husband's brother of the truth of my sad story, should I find him. I was accompanied by a faithful servant, Alice. On my passage, my boy, my poor fatherless boy, was born.

"We were very long upon the sea, but finally arrived in New York, and—but why lengthen out my dark history? The hotel at which I had taken lodgings was burned to the ground shortly after my arrival; you, my kind friends, must have heard of whole squares destroyed by that fire. Alice, my faithful servant, died from burns and bruises she received in vainly endeavouring to save some of our effects.

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"I escaped, but my jewels and my property, (for I had converted it all into money, which I brought with me in bills,)—all is gone. My boy and I alone are left.

"I took my child, and turned my face from that fatal city. I have crossed streams, and begged for food; some pitied, some doubtlessly spurned me. Still I wandered on—how long I cannot tell, for want and exposure have made my brain wild. Many have cried after me, 'Poor crazy thing, how mad she is!' Now, my dear friends, all I ask is, that you will allow me to remain till I write to Hildesheim or Verden, and obtain means to travel again to my own land, for I can be of little service here now.

"The papers are all lost that could in any manner lead me to discover my husband's brother, and I must die with his last prayer unfulfilled, and my last promise unredeemed."

"Stay with us yet awhile, dear Lady Emilie," said Edith; "when you are stronger and better we will talk of Hildesheim; and then we will abide your wishes."

And Lucy—poor Lucy! Tears are flowing over the sleeping brow of the baby-boy, as she has listened to the last of his mother's sad story.

Long after the household at Oak Glen were wrapped in slumber that night, Edith and Lucy were in the study of their late father. What were they doing, bending

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over that table, whilst the lamp's ray sent a softened shade over the forehead of each pale sister?

Edith was writing;—to whom? Said not her father's will, "If you ever need advice or a friend, write to your only relative Duke E. of Hanover?" And is not Hildesheim in the Duchy of Hanover? Who can so powerfully aid their bereaved friend, the pale, suffering Lady Emilie as Duke E. can?

It was an angel thought, just such a happy thought as could be supposed to spring from the good heart and brain of our gentle Edith.

The letter is finished and directed. Apologizing for the liberty which apparent strangers take (though relatives, they knew not of his existence until the will of their father mentioned him), it tells the good Duke of the lady of Hildesheim, speaks touchingly of her sufferings, her bereavements, her present poverty, and her desire to return to her own home, so sanctified by memories of the loved, to teach her boy to lisp his father's name in his fatherland. The letter concludes entreating his influence and assistance in behalf of the bereaved lady and her noble boy.—It is mailed, and the sisters anxiously await an answer.

But day after day passes, week has succeeded week, and months have gone by, but there has come no letter, no tidings, from Hanover.

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The pale Lady Emilie herself has written to Hildesheim. At the close of a day in early autumn, she is rocking her boy, whilst her eye is fixed upon the stone where she sat in such beggar-like agony a few months since. She thinks of her home, her far home, and of her babe's father, and she weeps—weeps!

A sound of horse's hoofs disturbs her mournful meditations—she snatches her boy, and hastens from the room.

A noble stranger dismounts and asks for Miss Edith Hunter. She eagerly obeys the summons, for her prophetic heart tells her it brings news from another land. She enters the simple yet chaste parlour where the stranger awaits her with open arms.

"Child, beloved child of my only brother, my own sweet niece—God's blessing be upon you. Let me look at you. Ah! and my wife and boy. Emilie! Emilie! let me look at them."

Women's instincts are keen. In a moment Edith comprehended it all; she strove to calm the fevered heart of her stranger uncle, and then left him to prepare Emilie for her interview, telling her that a stranger from Hanover awaited her. The boy had been brought in, and the father had just held his son to his grateful breast when his wife entered the room.

Instantly recognising him, she ran to his speechless embrace, and pressed him to her heart as one indeed re-

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stored from the grave—but we draw the curtain over this scene. Edith left them there in the calm holy twilight, left them to seek Lucy and tell her the tale.

We pass over the surprises of the wondering household, and hasten to the sequel of our story.

Tea has been served long since, and the family are assembled around the table, Edith, Lucy, Duke Verden (or Elsendorf, for they are one and the same,) and his pale trembling wife and their beautiful son.

"And you are indeed our uncle," said Lucy. "My own papa's brother! tell us why we never knew it—and the Lady Emilie is our aunt. Tell us all about it, uncle, why we never knew you, why you never came to see us; and how you became shipwrecked and made our smiling aunt there suffer so much—and leave her home, and trudge all the way here to see us—and we thinking her so bereaved, and so—so—but tell us all about it."

"Ah, well, my beautiful, it is a simple yet heartfull tale. Your papa, my brother, was younger than I; we were not educated together. My father loved me, for I was his name-bearer, the future lord of his proud ancestral home of Elsendorf. My brother was my superior in all things—generous, ardent, imaginative. We loved—and sad to tell, we loved the same being, and she, the daughter of a proud though reduced nobleman. Her father smiled on my suit; but she dotingly loved my brother;—she loved

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him with all the energies of her high-born nature. I did not know it then.

"From her father's partiality to myself, we were thrown much together—and my proud young brother, he would not plead; he thought *me* loved; his jealousy ministered to his imagination, and he resolved to leave his home. He came to me one night and bade me farewell, almost inarticulately, from choking emotion. In the morning he was gone.

"He had left his home for a new land. We never met again. He promised to write to me ere he died: this was all the promise I could extort from him—all of consolation he left me. It was not until many months after his departure, that I learned that Maud loved my brother. She herself wrote me to that effect, and retired from the world, leaving me a lonely solitary man.

"I made every inquiry for my brother, but without avail.

"I sailed for America, and the vessel was wrecked and every soul perished, but myself and a sailor-boy; we were picked up by a brig on its way to Hamburg, at which place I arrived ill. After a most tedious sickness, I recovered sufficiently to wend my way home. I found upon my return there, that my beloved Emilie had left it, to fulfil my last request.

"Inexpressible was my regret upon learning this. I had made my final arrangements to follow her, and was

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on the eve of embarking when I received your letter, acquainting me with the double joy awaiting me here, and of the providential succour you have afforded my wife and child."

Reader, our story is a truth with little, very little embellishment. In "Old Berks" the family of Von Reid Hunter still reside; and if you wish to hear the tale from the lips of one of the actors in it, ask them to permit you to see the picture of "The Bereaved," in their possession, and the tale they will relate you will find to be substantially the same that I have poorly told you.

They will perhaps take you to a beautiful house, not far from Oak Glen, called Elsenserd, built by a proud and high-born relative, who preferred this quiet mountain spot and its wild seclusion to the stirring scenes of his own Germany; and who preferred the republican simplicity of our own favoured land, and the home affections which clustered around this sweet spot, to all the refined elegancies to be enjoyed in the loneliness that must have been his apart from the society of his gentle nieces, unto whom he has been guardian and father, in place of their lost parent.

Nicetown, Pa., 1846.

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THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

BY J. S. H.

The tale, twice told, fatigues; e'en wit is dimmed by use;
And the historic page, familiar grown, grows dull.
But *here*, the immortal mind unsated, never cloys;
New beauties shine at each perusal: and the Truth,
From God's own bosom sent, when text with text compared,
Like gold, but brightens by collision.

Philadelphia, 1846.

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EVENING.

BY G. C. BOASE.

'Tis sweet, when summer suns are o'er,
And twilight, round us stealing
With noiseless footstep on the shore,
Gives birth to holy feeling,
To wander by the calm blue sea,
And muse upon eternity!

There's music in the solitude
Of sea and shore at even,
When thoughts of other days intrude,
Like dying strains from heaven,
By distance mellowed, as they roll
In whispered freshness o'er the soul.

The sweets that were, are sweeter then,
With fancy's hue around them,
Than at the very moment when
All bright and real we found them;

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As fairy scenes through mists appear,
Unseen—unfelt—when all was clear.

The calm that robes immensity
With beautiful emotion,
The wide expanse of starry sky,
The still small voice of ocean,
Proclaim, in accents sweet and clear,
Mercy and Love—the Lord is here!

When surges lash the sounding shore,
And gloom sits darkly scowling
On sea and sky; amid the roar
Of winds and waters howling,
We own the Rider of the storm,
But tremble at his awful form.

But when the sun has sunk to rest,
In smiling peace descending,
While gold and roseate blush the west
With tints divinely blending;
Then stand alone, and mark the close,
The dawn of night, the day's repose.

At first a single star is seen,
Trembling as if forbidden,
Till thicker darkness intervene;
The lesser lights are hidden;

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But quickly brightening on the eye,
Ten thousand thousands throng the sky:

Below is peace—the sky above—
  The spirit's calm as even—
The breath of piety and love
  Ascending up to heaven:
The God of peace accepts the prayer,
And peace proclaims it answered there.

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THE SHEPHERDS' VIGIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONOLOGICAL RHYMES."

"And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night."—ST. LUKE ii. 8.

SILENT, and calm, and beautiful
The starry night came down,
Where rush Siloa's waters cool,
Where Kedar's deserts frown;
And deep its quiet shadow fell
Upon the hills of Israel!

The dark green hills, where oft of old
The patriarchs' tents were seen;
Where lay the still and peaceful fold,
The hanging cliffs between;
Which, in his earliest, happiest days,
Heard the sweet Psalmist's lyre of praise.

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And lovely lay the land around,
Lovely as when, of yore,
The footsteps of her God were found
Upon her olive shore:
And where her vine-wreathed gates unclosed
The shadow of her Rock reposed.

In Bethlehem his father's sheep
The son of Jesse led;
And still, on crag and palm-crowned steep
Of sceptred Judah spread,
A thousand folded fleeces shone
Like snow on mountain Lebanon.

Far, far along the purple heights,
That stretch into the sky,
Scattered, as in calm summer nights
The clouds in heaven lie;
When distant founts are heard to play,
And the low wind is hushed away.

Silently rose the hour—when HE,
Once well-in Judah known,
Came to His temple suddenly,
Came veiled, and alone;
A stranger in that pleasant land
Their fathers gathered from His hand.

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He who hath passed the palace by,
In lowly roofs to rest,
The dweller in eternity,
The contrite bosom's guest:
Though angels were his heralds—then
His message sent to shepherd men.

Watching among the dark green hills,
In the night-shadow rolled,
Listening but to the far-off rills,
The low bleat of the fold;—
They saw the awful mantle furled
That wraps from us the hidden world.

And voices not of this world's mirth,
But gladness far more deep;
Forms such as walked the ancient earth,
Or broke on holy sleep,
Startling the dreamer's dazzled eye,
Swept in unearthly splendour by.

They heard the words which never now
The ear of night may hear,
For earth's polluted, faded brow
Feels no such presence near:—
And pathless is the mountain sod,
So long by angel footsteps trod.

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THOU, who hast walked the world alone,
With sad and weary feet;
THOU who didst leave thine ancient throne,
Thy straying sheep to meet;
Though fallen and lost the guilty spot,
Yet, oh, do THOU forsake it not!

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INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE ON THE MORAL SENTIMENTS.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND ALONZO POTTER, D. D.

THE reality and supremacy of conscience are to be assumed in all inquiries respecting our duty. Caution is requisite, however, lest we overrate the power, or the rectitude of this faculty. We can do little towards improving our moral sentiments, or discharging the various duties of life, unless we keep constantly in mind the extreme weakness and fallibility of this moral monitor. That which was placed by the Creator as sovereign among our faculties, is often superseded by passion, and even by the capricious tyranny of custom and fashion. Its mandates are resisted—its voice, at first on the side of virtue, is lulled into silence or bribed to plead in behalf of evil; and our souls are left to the undisturbed and perhaps exulting pursuit of sin and death. This perversion of conscience, too, is fearfully easy. We have only to refuse, when it speaks, to listen or obey—we have simply to stifle its sacred suggestions, and look round for

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pretexts to justify self-indulgence, and it will soon cease to admonish, or will admonish only to mislead. There are those who derive from a perverted conscience only impulse to evil—who *verily think*, as Saul of Tarsus once thought, that they *ought to do many things contrary* to truth and virtue. The light that is in them becomes darkness; and how great is that darkness!

One of the ways in which our moral sense is thus obscured or corrupted, is adverted to by the poet:

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be dreaded, needs but to be seen;
> But, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

It would be instructive to trace the qualifications with which this description ought to be received, to point out other ways in which the same result is produced, and above all to investigate the principles on which it takes place. It would be found that in some cases the process is voluntary and deliberate, while in others it takes place almost insensibly, and from the operation of external causes. It would be seen, too, that some of the most useful and active principles of our nature aid in this "fell sorcery," and that nothing can protect us against it but vigilance and prayer. Waiving these inquiries, however, we propose to confine our remarks to one of those causes which operate insensibly, but which has, in some of its forms, a most fatal tendency to induce that state in which

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a rational and immortal mind puts "good for evil, and light for darkness."

This is LITERATURE.—By most persons little importance is attached to the moral influence of our current, or even of our classical reading; yet there can be no doubt that it is vast, and in many cases most baneful. Aliment taken into the mind operates like aliment taken into the body, by assimilation. It is converted, as it were, into the very substance of the soul, and imparts to it of course its own character. We hear of the chameleon, which takes the hue of whatever it looks upon. It is so, in a measure, with our minds. It is not more impossible to associate as boon companion with the profligate, and yet escape contamination, than it is to peruse habitually works of a low moral cast, and yet retain high moral purity. Customary and cordial intercourse with such books is one of those "evil communications," the inevitable effect of which is to "corrupt good manners." If they are works of genius, their influence is only the more pernicious. The admiration which we entertain for the author, is extended by association to all his thoughts; and before we are aware, we first tolerate, then are entertained by, and finally embrace sentiments of flagrant immorality. In no age, perhaps, has this danger been greater than in the present; for in none has there been so much reading, and in few if any has there been

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cherished such inordinate admiration of mere genius, however abused and unsanctified.

It is, moreover, a danger which approaches us on every side. We can hardly open an ancient classic, or a modern work in poetry or fiction, without breathing an atmosphere uncongenial not only with religion, but with a pure and enlightened morality. Take, for example, the Iliad of Homer; a work which has exerted, perhaps, of all uninspired productions, the greatest influence over the human mind—of which Johnson has said, that "nation after nation, and generation after generation, has done little more than transpose its incidents, new name its characters, and paraphrase its sentiments." What moral impression does it leave upon the young and ardent mind? It teaches it to feel that courage, unblenching firmness of nerve, is the greatest of all virtues; that he who wants it, is worthy only of being trodden under foot. It teaches, that revenge is a noble and godlike sentiment—that even Achilles, that personification of wrath and vindictiveness, more than atones for his brutality by his affection for a friend, and his grief over that friend's loss; and that in short the most glorious and enviable life is that which has been spent in sacrificing the greatest number of other lives. Its effect on the ambitious and martial spirit of Alexander the Great has been often noticed, and is thus happily contrasted by Mr. Wheaton, in his late work on the Law of Nations, with that produced on

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another chief by an illustrious modern author:—"When he (Grotius) could no longer be useful in active life, he laboured to win men to the love of peace and justice by the publication of his great work,* which made a deep impression upon the liberal-minded princes and ministers of that day, and contributed essentially to influence their public conduct. Alexander carried the Iliad of Homer in a golden casket, to inflame his love of conquest; whilst Gustavus Adolphus slept with the Treatise on the Laws of War and Peace under his pillow, in that heroic war which he waged in Germany for the liberties of Protestant Europe. It is difficult to decide which presents the most striking contrast—the poet of Greece and the philosopher of Holland, or the two heroes who imbibed such different and opposite sentiments from their pages."

Look too at Pope, who has been styled by way of eminence the *moral* poet of our language. How rarely does this gifted and finished writer allude in his lighter works to the facts and topics peculiar to Christianity, without some profane jest; while in his philosophical work, the "Essay on Man," it is plainly his wish to furnish a system which shall supersede the New Testament, and place the subject of human duty and destiny on a better basis than that on which the Creator himself has placed it. Or consider the works of Lord Byron, which have been

* The treatise *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, composed during the author's exile in France, and published at Paris in 1625.

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the occasion in our own day of such an immense and wide-spread sensation. What a mournful and flagrant perversion of God's noblest gifts! The poems of this highly endowed but unhappy man seem to have been expressly intended as a vehicle for his most private thoughts and feelings. He not only admits, but invites and urges us into the most intimate possible communion with every wild impulse and base purpose of his soul—reveals to us, with a morbid fondness, the wasting desolation which has passed over all his nobler principles and affections; and yet throws over the picture a magic radiance which must work upon us something of the same spell which he would himself have wrought had he been our living and confidential companion. What that spell might have been, we need not say. He could hardly be esteemed a safe companion for the young, who, to splendid genius and most fascinating manners, should add principles utterly reckless and abandoned—who should take delight in railing at his species, in reviling as heartless hypocrisy all the appearances of generosity and friendship among men—who, by example as well as precept, recommended a life of the merest sensuality—who seemed to doubt whether Mahommedanism were not better than Christianity; and, in short, whether all virtue and religion were not a dream rather than a solemn reality. But if himself a dangerous companion, it is

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difficult to conceive how writings, which embody so completely his spirit and character, can be safe.

If from poetry we pass to the prose of our language, what do we discover? We discover that, in the department of history, the palm has been borne away by two authors not more distinguished for talents than for hostility to the Christian faith, and contempt of some of the settled principles of morals—authors, who have contrived to infuse their philosophy so artfully through their writings, that it escapes the notice of any except the most vigilant reader, and is absorbed into the mind only the more insensibly, and therefore the more fatally. In the department of fiction it is sufficient to repeat the names of Sterne, Fielding, and Smollett, three of its most brilliant and admired contributors. No one, who has read their works, needs to be informed that in many instances they invest the worst vices with an air of interest and attraction;—that the grossest violations of justice and temperance are often treated as peccadilloes; that our sympathies are enlisted in behalf of men whom in actual life we should feel it to be our duty to reprobate and shun; and that the thoughtful reader, as he proceeds, knows not at which most to wonder, the splendour of the author's talent, his deep knowledge of human nature —the ease with which he can, at pleasure, transport us with mirth or melt us into pity—or at the wantonness with which these high powers are prostituted to the

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service of evil. We are, by no means, disposed to proscribe all works of imagination. That there are some of unexceptionable moral tendency, is not to be disputed; and that all might be made the medium for conveying the purest and most exalted lessons of virtue, we would at least hope. But what works of fiction generally are, and what they might become, are questions of very different import. Whoever considers attentively the prevailing character of this species of literature at present, will find but too much reason to apprehend that moral impressions, derived from such a source, must be lamentably deficient both in power and correctness.

In attributing to this cause so great an influence, however, we differ we are aware from those who are entitled to the utmost consideration. Dr. Johnson in adverting to it says, "Men will not become highwaymen, because Macheath is acquitted on the stage;" and Sir W. Scott, in quoting the remark, adds, "Neither will they become swindlers and thieves, because they sympathize with the fortunes of the witty picaroon Gil Blas; nor licentious debauchees, because they read Tom Jones. The professed moral of a piece is usually what the reader is least interested in; it is like the mendicant who cripples after some gay and splendid procession, and in vain solicits the attention of those who have been gazing upon it." All this, to a certain extent, is true. Most readers of fiction feel, we are aware, but little interest in dis-

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covering its moral; nor do we apprehend that to read Gil Blas or Tom Jones would of necessity transform the reader into a swindler or debauchee. This, however, is far from being the question at issue. The true question is, whether sympathizing often with characters conceived in such a spirit, could exert any but a corrupting influence on the moral sensibilities and principles. But few parents would be inclined, we imagine, to have their children associate familiarly with men like either of these well-known heroes. But if it would not be safe to associate with them in real life, can it be prudent to make them our companions in the "chambers of imagery," when fancy is let loose, and the soul is least on its guard against contamination, and all its susceptibilities are thrown open?

That the danger of which we speak is not wholly imaginary, let Dr. Johnson himself be witness, in another passage. In the fourth number of his Rambler, where he had no point to maintain, he speaks thus of the influence of many novels: "Many writers," says he, "so mingle good and bad qualities in their principal personages, that they are both equally conspicuous; and as we accompany them through their adventures with delight, and are led by degrees to interest ourselves in their favour, we *lose the abhorrence of their faults because they do not hinder our pleasure, or perhaps regard them with some kindness, for being united with so much*

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merit." The whole paper is in the same strain. In a note appended to it in Chalmers' edition of Johnson's works, the editor remarks: "This excellent paper was occasioned by the popularity of two works, which appeared about this time, and have been the models of that species of romance now known by the more common name of novel." It is somewhat surprising, that after pronouncing the above opinion, Johnson should have volunteered, in another number of the same work, to praise Richardson in the most unqualified terms, as the "writer who first taught the passions to move at the command of virtue." Of Richardson's great powers and eminent personal worth there can be no doubt; and as little, that his writings were intended to subserve the cause of virtue. Yet it would not be easy to produce, from the history of literature, an instance in which an author, aiming to impart "ardour to virtue and confidence to truth," has gone wider of his mark, than was the case with Richardson in the conception and execution of one at least of his master-pieces.

Dr. Johnson has somewhere said,—and to show the inconsistencies into which the greatest minds may fall, it will be well to record the sentiment here—he has somewhere said, "Vice (for vice is necessary to be shown) should *always disgust;* nor should the graces of gayety or the dignity of courage be so united with it, as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears it

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should raise hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meanness of its stratagems; for while it is supported by either parts or spirit, it will seldom be heartily abhorred." Now compare with this admirable rule, one of the principal characters in Richardson's Clarissa—i. e. Lovelace. He is a man whom the author represents as having devoted his life and talents to the subversion of female virtue; and who perpetrates acts, before the reader, which ought to render him the object of unmingled contempt and detestation. And yet he has been invested with so much wit and ability; he is so surrounded by "the graces of gayety and the dignity of courage;" he has such perseverance, such address, and such liberality without profusion, that he becomes the object rather of our sympathy and admiration, than of our abhorrence. A French critic thus describes the effect produced on his own mind by this character. "By turns I could embrace and fight with Lovelace. His pride, his gayety, his drollery, charm and amuse me; his genius confounds and makes me smile; his wickedness astonishes and enrages me; but at the same time I admire as much as I detest him." We may add, that in most minds the admiration will be found greatly to predominate.

The biographer of Richardson informs us, that the interest awakened in behalf of this character, by the first four volumes, was so intense, that when a report

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spread that the catastrophe was to be fatal to him—that he was doomed to die a violent death as a punishment for his crimes,—the author was beset on all hands with remonstrances. His friends and correspondents, in great numbers, besought him, with the utmost earnestness, to reform Lovelace, and wind up the story by his happy union with the object of his unprincipled passion. And when he resisted these persuasions, some went even so far as to entreat, with an air of the most pitiable distress, that he would at least "save the soul" of their favourite! Yet this writer, who thus enlists our sympathies in behalf of vice, is the one whom the great moralist eulogizes as having for "*the first time* taught the passions to move at the command of virtue!"

We have thus insisted upon the moral dangers connected with a promiscuous literature, because they seem entitled to greater attention than they have yet received even among Christians. We should be the last to exclude entirely from the circle of a Christian's reading, some of the works which we have mentioned. So long as taste is to be formed, and youthful genius fostered and directed, so long will it be necessary that the masterpieces of ancient poetry and eloquence should be the subjects of study. So long as models of historical composition are to be sought and read in our own language, so long will it be needful that Hume and Gibbon should have students—and we may add, under proper

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restrictions, cordial admirers. And so long as unaffected simplicity, intimate knowledge of the windings of the human heart, and almost unlimited power over the human passions, are valued, so long will Richardson, faulty though in some respects he be, find and merit readers. But if these works tend, while conferring intellectual benefits, to injure the moral sentiments, then let this danger be indicated, and let the young and inexperienced guard themselves against it. Let the works of licentious novelists be excluded from the family and the public library. Let honour be given to whom honour is due. Let the Edgeworths, the Mores, the Bruntons, the Scotts, hold the place which has too often been usurped by Fielding and Sterne. Let Milton and Shakspeare, Goldsmith and Cowper, be restored to their rightful supremacy over the public mind;—and let the ribaldry of Don Juan, the cheerless though sublime misanthropy of Childe Harold, be consigned to that oblivion which will be sure to overtake, at last, all works not consecrated by high and generous sentiments of virtue.

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THE WIFE.

BY JAMES RHOADS,

PROFESSOR OF BELLES LETTRES AND HISTORY, IN THE PHILADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL.

Ay, ponder, lady!—he who, next to God,
Demands thy love, thy fealty, and truth,
Is far away, an exile from his home,
His friends, and thee; never again, perhaps,
To bless thee with his smile, or cheer thy heart
With tokens of affection, in the hour
Of deep despondency, which will at times
Oppress the firmest spirit, and from which
The Christian's humble confidence and faith
Alone can fully free us.—Ponder then,
But let no earthly friend, however dear,
Engross thy thoughts.
The husband whom thou lovest
Is worthy thee; in his Redeemer's name
He dares the dangers of the pathless deep,

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The burning sun of India's torrid clime,
Or Africa's malaria, or worse,
The anger dire of half-imbruted men,
To preach the blessed Jesus crucified;
To bear glad tidings to the heathen land;
To battle 'neath the banner of the Cross,
With ignorance debased, and superstition dark:—
Fell superstition! like the tropic vine,
Which, frail and delicate, with spiral thread
Winds gently round some monarch of the woods,
And timid and dependent seeks support,—
Thou twinest around the native soul of man;
But, fixed and rooted in a genial soil,
Conscious at length of self-sustaining power,
Like that same vine, ungrateful and unjust,
Thou crushest what thou hast embraced,
And dealing death to what supported thee,
Thou hold'st it firm, in many a circling fold,
Till mouldering into dust, piecemeal it drops,
And thou stand'st self-supporting and supreme.
Yes, ponder, lady; it becomes thee well!
Woman is always lovely:—maiden smiles
Of unalloyed and innocent delight
Are sweet and charming—and the maid is loved!
The calm content and conscious happiness
That mark the youthful bride are lovelier still,
And with more potent spell attract and chain

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Our ardent admiration. But when youth
Has passed like thine, and purity remains,
Beauty, and dove-like innocence and trust;
When the ripe charms of matron dignity
Replace the maiden bloom, and careful thought
The brow of unconcern,—she's loveliest then;
And thou art lovely:—for that touch of gloom
That tinges does not taint,—like summer clouds,
It darkens but to beautify.
Should fate
In after-life a deeper hue impart,
And load thy bosom with a heavier grief,
How wilt thou chase that gloom away?—Dispel
The clouds which gather betwixt hope and thee?—
Dwell on the past?—Bid memory recall
The joys of other days?—Alas, in vain!
Such things can cheer thee not.—Thy childhood's home,
Thy laughing playmates, and thy laughing self,
Thy mother's soft caress, thy father's smile,
The pride that kindled in thy brother's eye
To know thee as his sister, blessings warm
That spoke the little maid beloved by all,
And then *his* coming, and your mutual love,
Are blessed memories,—but the gloom remains.
Wake other thoughts!—Arouse to firmer faith
And humbler hope in God:—the master sleeps—
The ship is foundering now upon the sea

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Of man's self-confidence—but faith is power—
Wake up the master—cry "We perish," "Save us,"
And "Peace, be still!" shall lull the waves once more,
And all shall smile again.

That book of truth
Beside thee there, together of you read
And found the antidote for human wo:—
Turn to it now, believe, rejoice, and read;—
"And the ransomed and redeemed of the Lord
Shall return and come to Zion, with songs
And everlasting joy upon their heads:
They shall obtain joy and gladness,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

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THE LAND OF REST.

Oh! land of rest, we look to thee
When darkness round our pathway lies,
When tempests blow,
And waters flow,
Sweeping the lovely from our eyes;
No storm thou know'st, or treacherous sea,
And therefore do we look to thee.

Oh! land of rest, we look to thee,
When by the bed of death we stand,
Watching until
The Master's will
Shall to his bar the soul command;
Thy sons fade not at death's decree,
And therefore do we look to thee.

Oh! land of rest, we look to thee
Whene'er iniquities prevail,
When all within
Is dark with sin,
And Satan's wiles our peace assail;

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Where thou art, nought impure shall be,
And therefore do we look to thee.

Oh! land of rest, we look to thee,
As exiles homeward bound may turn,
Where to their eyes
The cliffs arise,
Of the dear land for which they yearn;
Our home *thou* art, sad exiles *we*,
And therefore do we look to thee.

Oh! land of rest, we look to thee,
For brighter suns than light us here,
For purer balm,
And truer calm
And holy love unblent with fear;
Thy clime hath all our eyes would see,
And therefore do we look to thee.

Yet, oh, thou land of heavenly rest!
End of our hopes, we prize thee more,
That we shall sit
At Jesus' feet,
Soon as we reach thy happy shore;
And walk with him—the glad! the free!
And therefore do we look to thee.

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OLD MAIDS.

BY THE REV. G. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

"COME, Charles, and join me in a stroll this fine evening," said George Douglass, the young pastor of ———, to his friend, who was lounging sulkily over the gate that opened to his mother's pretty grounds.

"That I will, and gladly too," answered young Brunton, springing to his side, and sinking his voice almost to a whisper, "for, if ever a poor fellow was bored at home, I am;—I have been this last half-hour studying an excuse to get away."

"You bored at home, Charles? How can that be? Willow Cottage, as your Aunt Patty calls it, is the very model of the cottage of content, and never did it look more sweetly than now, with its honeysuckles all in bloom, the yellow jessamine scenting the air, and the hanging-bird whistling its short clear notes from the waving bough. A better mother you could not have, and your sister Mary—how I would envy her brother, if I did not hope to win a yet dearer title!"

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"Yes, yes," impatiently exclaimed Brunton, "the cottage is very well, and I can never be thankful enough for such a mother and such a sister; but Aunt Patty, or Cousin Martha, as she insists upon our calling her since Mary and I have grown up, is the constant plague of my life, and what is worse, I dare not show my vexation, because mother always treats her with such affectionate respect. You know she is not my aunt, but my father's cousin, brought up an orphan in his father's house; and, when my mother became a widow, they joined their little means and lived together; and now, since Uncle Henry's property has come to us, mother insists upon her still making our home hers. To be sure, I ought to be grateful for her kindness in the time of trouble, but no favours can give any one a right to worry us, as she does, with her old maid's whims."

"We all have our peculiarities, Charles," interrupted Douglass, "as we should always remember; 'bear and forbear' is a homely but useful rule, and the true secret of being happy with each other."

"Bear I must, indeed, but you cannot know how hard it is to do so. She puts on her best smiles when you come to see us, because you have so many kind words for her, and are only with us for an hour or two at a time. You must live with her in the same house to know her. There, we must wait for her every morning until she has smoothed her brown wig, as if she was

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setting it at a prince—and when she has sailed into the breakfast-room, nothing is right—the eggs are too hard or too soft—the coffee too strong—or the tea too weak—the bread too heavy—or the butter not fresh enough—and so she goes on, complaining of things in general, and her dyspepsia in particular, yet eating all the while with a ploughman's appetite, though she destroys ours with her talk about digestion, and such pretty words as your dyspeptics love to grace the table with. Faugh! what right have people, because their stomachs are out of order, to turn ours with telling us about them? So she begins the day, and so she carries it through. If I leave my newspaper, or my book laid open on the table for a moment, she catches them up, and puts them out of sight, and I am lectured on my return, for littering the room. If I read to myself, she exclaims at 'the rudeness of young men now-a-days;' and if I read aloud, she is sure to go creaking about hunting for her scissors, or cotton, at the most interesting passage. Poor Mary and I cannot sing together, but she interrupts us, wondering how we can like such Italian stuff, and volunteers a part in "Together let us range the fields," or some such antiquated ditty—a look from mother makes us yield, and she goes on quavering away like a pea-hen, scorning all time and tune, and laying the blame of her failure on sister's accompaniment. We cannot make up a party of young persons for a ride, or

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a ramble, but she must be asked; and then mars all our pleasure by screaming at some peaceful cow, refusing to cross a meadow for fear of wetting her feet, or to enter a wood, lest she should tread on a snake. She made us sell the best carriage horses we ever had, because they cocked their ears at a drum, and my faithful Carlo is now whining himself to a skeleton in the stable, where she has had him chained for having, in a moment of unusual daring, run off with her glove. She calls Mary's frankness unfeminine boldness, and would make her as great a prude as herself, warning her all the time against young men, from whom, I am sure, *she* was never in danger. She is far older than my mother, yet affects a station with the young; and, instead of winning attentions, is always exacting them, which is the surest way of losing them altogether. But it is always so with old maids—they are the pests of society, the most useless and the most troublesome things in the world. Their affections have never been educated, and they become selfish, and discontented at the respect which others have won by discharging their relative duties. I never could endure an old maid—stiff and frivolous, fidgety and querulous, never in her place, and that, perhaps, because there is no place for her."

"Stop! stop! Charles," exclaimed Douglass, "I have allowed you to run on, because I know your Aunt Patty is indeed a trial, especially when contrasted with your

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mother and sister; though, if God pities our infirmities, you surely ought to bear with her; but I cannot allow you to make such a tirade against a whole class, because of the faults of one. There are, it is true, too many old maids, as they are called, who give reason for the (pardon me) vulgar abuse which the world heaps on them. Yet, to say that they can fill with usefulness no place in society, would be to impeach the wisdom of Providence and the gracious influences of religion. Besides, just observation will convince us that there are many unmarried women that have passed the bloom of youth, who are fitted by that very circumstance to be rich blessings to their domestic circles—"lay sisters of charity," as a writer in the Edinburgh Review once called them. It requires, indeed, a large share of good sense, and, what is more important, of religion, to bear the trials of their lot, and accommodate themselves to the singularity of their position, (for no ties can compensate a woman's heart for the absence of those of wife and mother,) yet the number who do so is far greater than the common prejudice allows. The name of old maid is sacred to me, for it reminds *me* of *my* aunt—dear Aunt Edith!"

His voice faltered, and the kindhearted, though rattling Brunton saw the tears on his cheek, and passionately begged pardon for having caused his emotion.

"Nay, my dear friend," answered the young preacher,

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"beg not my pardon, only suffer the penalty of hearing me describe the kindness of that departed saint, to whom, under God, I owe all that makes me worthy of your esteem, and useful to my fellow-men."

"Tell it to me, then," said Brunton, "and for her sake, I promise never to speak against old maids as long as I live; and if I do complain to you of Aunt Patty, it shall be under some other name."

The friends sat together upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and the harvest moon was silvering the stream before them.

"You know, that I, like yourself, dear Charles, was early left 'the only son of my mother, and she a widow.' The misfortunes of my father, which hastened his end, left us in comparative poverty. Aunt Edith, who resided in her native Scotland, and had steadfastly refused my father's solicitations to leave the Highland home of her childhood to share his prosperity in another land, no sooner heard of our calamities, than she gathered together what little property she had, and came to share the trials of her brother's widow, whom as yet she had never seen. She took for us a sweet, though humble dwelling by the side of a deeply shaded stream, and we went to live in a retirement suited to our means and my mother's sorrows.

"Scarcely were we settled in our new abode, when my mother's spirits, which had till now borne up

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wonderfully, gave way. She never murmured, but became listless and silent, mechanically discharging her domestic duties, but incapable of rousing herself to any thing which required greater exertion of mind. Then it was that Aunt Edith displayed the excellence of her Christian heart. Her kindness to my mother was constant and tender. She cultivated flowers, that she might freshen the scene around the widow's dwelling, and win, by their loveliness, the heart of the mourner back to the God of nature and of love. She revived her talent for music, which was not inconsiderable, that she might soothe the melancholy of twilight or the gloom of winter. She established the altar of family devotion, and my earliest recollections are of the morning and evening prayer, when with her arms around me at my mother's side, she poured out her low sweet voice in pleadings to the Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless. As her tasteful arrangement within and around our dwelling became more perfect, her leisure was greater, and we all felt more at home. She then sought the acquaintance of an excellent minister of the Gospel, who lived at the village a few miles from us, and with his aid gathered the children of the neighbourhood into a Sunday school, which she taught in the hall, (if I may dignify the passage through our cottage by such a name,) and happy was the child, who could wear to church a nosegay from Miss Edith's garden, as

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a simple testimony of good behaviour. With all this, she found time to be a messenger of peace and salvation to the sick and the poor, (though the poor were few in that plentiful country,) and my highest reward for good study, was to carry the basket, filled with little comforts, at her side, when she went upon her errands of love.

"The effect upon my mother was most salutary and gracious. She became interested in the garden, and then in the Sunday school, and then in her neighbours. She learned the joy of doing good, the sweetness of Christian friendship, and the blessedness of trust in God. The gloom was scattered from her mind, and the burden of her spirit taken off. Memory forbade her to be gay, but Christian hope made her calm, and often cheerful.

"The education, which my growing years demanded, she conducted herself. Her taste for literature had led her to employ the leisure of her maiden life in the acquisition of more than one modern language, and in those, as well as my own, she early instructed me. What little skill I have in music or drawing, I owe also to her; for my boyhood was made happy with pursuits, so sweetened by the teacher's love, that their toil became pleasure. When more advanced studies became necessary, she sought and obtained the aid of the good minister I have spoken of before, and afterwards supported me in college, upon the savings which her judicious economy had enabled her to make even from our scanty means.

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"Before, however, I left home for that mimic theatre of life, I had, as I trust, received, through her instrumentality, and in answer to her prayers, the gift which only God can give—a hope of salvation through Christ our blessed Lord. Never shall I forget the time or the place of my first heartfelt sense of God's claim upon my soul. It was a calm summer evening, when the sun was just sinking behind the distant hills. She was sitting, with the Bible upon her knee, in a favourite spot beside the gentle stream which flowed past our cottage. The old trees above us were slightly waving to the breeze that could not reach the water to ruffle it, and the shadow of every leaf was perfect in the glassy mirror. The gray stone bridge, which crossed below the cottage, was repeated to the eye beneath; and the humble roof stole out to view, that the idea of home might complete the moral beauty of the scene. I had turned from her to gaze with delight upon it, and my young heart was subdued by the loveliness and quiet of all around. My dear aunt saw the power of the moment.

"'George, my child,' said she, 'the Bible tells us, that, when man was innocent, God visited his children at "the cool of the day," and "they heard his voice among the trees" of Paradise; and now, though sin has blasted that garden of holy joy, He has not forgotten us, nor left us without witness of his love and presence. GOD IS HERE, and in the deep stillness of this evening

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hour we should hear his voice calling us back to love, and obedience, and life.'

"She paused, and a mysterious awe came upon my soul. I felt that God was there. The trees, the rocks, the stream, the shadows, our quiet home, all spoke of Him. I dared not speak, but longed to utter, 'How good God is!'

"'Yes,' continued she, 'these are all God's works for man, that we may learn his power, his wisdom, and his love. But what are these to his wonderful work of redeeming grace, when he gave Christ, his only begotten Son, to renew our natures, and prepare an entrance for all who turn from sin into a world where sin and sorrow never come?'

"Then, with simple but affectionate earnestness, she told of the sin of forgetting God, the need that our whole nature had of the washing of regeneration, and his willingness to save from the polluting power of the world all who will accept his grace, and only those. She reminded me, that I had no father, save He who was in Heaven, and that it was God who had watched my orphan youth for the sake of Christ his Son, while all he asked in return was my young heart.

"Often had she thus spoken to me before, but never had I truly listened or understood till then. I felt my ingratitude, and longed to be the child of my Father in heaven. She led me home weeping, and opening

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again the Word of Life, read to me, and prayed over it, as she clasped me to her side. My pillow was wet with the tears of a sleepless night, but the sun rose with a gladness that it had never shed upon me till that morning. I stole from my room to the side of the stream again, and, kneeling upon the rock wet with the morning's dews, I cried, 'God my Father, who art in heaven, thou art here—make me thy child through Jesus Christ' —and, as my voice ceased in the deep stillness, I remembered the words of promise, as though they were spoken to my heart—'I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.'

"From that hour, my dear Charles, I have counted myself dedicated unto God. On that same spot I gave myself to him in the work of his ministry; and when my deceitful heart wanders and fails, the memory of that scene comes upon my spirit to call me back, with a power I cannot resist.

"After the second year of my theological studies, I was alarmed to discover symptoms of decaying health in my dear aunt; but she smiled as sweetly as ever, and still went about doing good, though her cheek was wasted, and her step feeble. When she saw the anxious looks which my mother and myself interchanged, a tear filled her eye, but her 'face was as the face of an angel.' Again I left them to return a commissioned herald of the Gospel of Salvation, and on the Sabbath following, was

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to preach for the first time, in the village near us. My aunt had not been able to go to church for months before, but that Sabbath morning she seemed inspired with new vigour. The carriage of a friend conveyed her to the church. She listened calmly to the sermon, and received with mute thankfulness the kind congratulations of those who crowded around my mother and herself. But when we reached again the cottage, her tears burst forth—'Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace'—was all she could utter. We carried her to her bed. About midnight she fell into so sweet a sleep, that my mother ventured to repose by her side. The light of the morning broke, but the dear eyes of her we loved were sealed to behold it no more till the resurrection of the just.

"When the preparations were made for her decent repose, a ribbon was found about her neck we had never until then seen, and to it was attached a miniature of one in the bloom of manly beauty, on the reverse of which was written:

H. L.
DIED
June 14th, 1805.
E. D.
WEDDED TO THE LORD,
June 15, 1805.

"Then it was that we knew why, with all the traces

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of great loveliness, she had remained single but not alone, and the secret of that devotion to the cause of God and the welfare of those she loved.

"My mother lies with her in the churchyard of ——, and I live to bless their memories. The picture, which you see hanging in my study just above my desk, is a view I took of the scene by the side of the stream, with my aunt sitting on her favourite rock, the Bible open upon her knee, and myself, in my boyhood's dress, gazing upon the beauty of nature, as she spoke to me of God.

"Is it a wonder, then, dear Charles, that I love and defend the name of old maid?"

"No, indeed, it is not," responded the weeping Brunton, "and I will love it for your Aunt Edith's sake. But, then, you see old maids would always be loved if they were like her, and it is their own fault, when nobody loves them; for, if they will act like Aunt Patty"—

"Hush!" said George Douglass.

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THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

EZEKIEL XXXVII.

LONELY and drear that valley lay,
  Where bones of dead men strewed the ground,—
Bleached like those rifted rocks of gray,
  That reared their spectre forms around.
No blade of grass,—no wild-flower fair,
No insect flitting through the air,
  Amid that depth profound,
E'er met the eye—nor breeze's breath
Sighed o'er the deep repose of death.

Alone one living form was seen,
  Like last survivor of his race,
Beneath the pallid moonbeam's sheen,
  Slowly to seek that silent place.
And there, with visage pale, he stood,
In musings of prophetic mood,—
  Upturned to heaven his face;
While thoughts, by language unexpressed,
Chilled the warm life-blood of his breast.

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And to his inward soul there spake
A voice unheard by human ear,—
O son of man, can these awake,
These bones, so scattered, old, and sere?
But say the word, by His command
Who made the ocean, and the land;
And they—e'en they shall hear;
And flesh and sinews shall o'erspread
These mouldering relics of the dead.

Anon the wondrous word he spoke,
That trembling seen, and heard with awe,
The fearful midnight silence woke,
As, subject to the law
Of their Creator—instant shook
Those withered bones before his look,—
Closer compelled to draw
Each to his fellow;—while the sound
Sent faint, mysterious echoes round.

And now more awful seems that glen,
With breathless corses scattered wide—
The lifeless frames of stalwarth men,
Reposing in funereal pride.
Again the prophet lifts his voice,
And loud the echoes now rejoice,
As, marshalled side by side,

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And, called to being, up they stand,
A living, moving, breathing band.

And shall not thus thy chosen race,
Though far dispersed, and dead in sin,
Feel the strong influence of thy grace,
O Lord! and thus, at length, begin
To wake—to live—united by
A power descending from on high?
And feel their souls within,
Thy Spirit's quick and potent fire
Each stony heart once more inspire?

And thus, yea thus, when time is past,
And when, resounding through the tomb,
Shall ring the mighty trumpet's blast,
Which calls the nations to their doom;
The trembling graves,—the floods profound,
Obedient to that piercing sound,
Shall, from their depths of gloom,
Give up the slumbering dead—to hear
The judgment-words of joy or fear.

Then shall the mighty of the earth,
The myriads by the mighty slain,
The babe that perished in its birth,
The sage—his wisdom now in vain—

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Alike surround the dazzling throne,
Where every secret thought is known,
To know their loss or gain;
The courts of heaven to tread, or swell
The legions of thy gulf, O hell!

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ELLA'S FEAST.

Loud howled the storm, fast fell the snow,
And darkly stooped the shades of night
O'er Ella's roof, 'neath which the glow
Of hearth and torch diffused its light:
And while the tempest's sweeping might
Bowed to the earth the forest's pride,
And the gaunt wolf, in wild affright,
Ran howling in his den to hide,
The harp, the song, the tale, the jest,
At Ella's board still cheered the guest.

But, lo! the minstrel's hand is stayed,
The song is hushed, and dropped the tale,
While a poor wandering bird for aid,
Flees from the terrors of the gale:
And for awhile, like fluttering sail,
Its timid pinion o'er them waves;—
Then, as its fears of man prevail,
Once more the gloom and tempest braves—
Flits from the joyous hall, and flies
Unseen amid the angry skies.

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'Twas then a hoary thane arose,
Of stature tall,—by age unbent,
Though on his cheek the trace of woes,
With scars of time and warfare blent:
And through the silent hall he sent
His piercing glance,—mysterious now;
And solemn thought expression lent
To his keen eye and rugged brow,
While thus he calm and slow expressed
The feelings woke within his breast.

"Behold, O King! ye warriors, mark
An emblem of the life of man!
Thus cometh he from regions dark,
And sees the light a little span:
Then goeth forth—and who may scan
His future fate, his future flight?
The sun shines on the course he ran—
Beyond it spreads the cheerless night!
Like the wild bird, he flies away
Where gloom and terror hold their sway.

"What is his glory but the flame
That quivers o'er the dying brand?
And what his power—what his fame,
When Death uplifts his iron hand?
Obedient to the stern command

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That serf and chief alike must hear,
His halls, his treasures, and his land
Are vain, when sounds that voice of fear!
Away, away, he speeds in dread,
Eternal darkness round him spread.

"And say, oh say, if they indeed
The cross who hold, glad tidings bring,
Of whither mounts the spirit freed,
Shall we not hear their words, O king!
If theirs it is to sweetly sing
Of a just God of truth and love,
Who bids the soul, with eagle's wing,
Soar to His realms of light above;
Then let these sons of peace declare
The words of Him whose name they bear."

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STRIKING COINCIDENCES.

BY THE RIGHT REV. B. B. SMITH, D. D.

LATE of a dreary winter's evening I was called upon to attend the last hours of a highly gifted young man in A——, Va., whom, for a short time, I had known as the betrothed of one of the most splendid young ladies in my parish, but over whose high promise of intellectual and professional distinction his friends had long been weeping in sad conviction that he was the victim of consumption. The night closed in darkly and drearily around the country mansion where we were sheltered from the storm, but all was peace and hope within. Suffering, blessed by the Spirit of God, had taught that young man the way to the Saviour. He had only time to express his hope, and I to commend his soul to God, before he peacefully closed his eyes, to open them upon such scenes no more for ever.

Here I heard of the sudden and extreme illness of the father of his betrothed. A ride of some weary miles, the next morning, found me by the side of his sick bed.

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What a scene! His herculean frame, which had endured the hardness of a good soldier through the whole of that eventful struggle which gave independence to the colonies, was supported erect by pillows. His manly and noble countenance was scarlet, almost to blackness, under the rage of the fever which consumed him. At every respiration his whole frame was perfectly convulsed. His trembling hand was penning his last will and testament. His agonized family were in tears around; and neighbours and domestics were hurrying to and fro in the utmost consternation. One intense anxiety filled the mind of the dying man—the adjustment of his affairs—the parting from his family. For a moment I endeavoured to direct his thoughts to more momentous themes, and to calm all hearts by the voice of prayer. Exhausted by emotion I quit the dwelling, so soon to be left desolate.

In a few days I pronounced the last offices of the church over this respected veteran, on the one bank of the little stream upon which his beautiful mansion was built, on the afternoon of the same day upon which, in the morning, I had been engaged in the same service on the opposite side of the stream, over the remains of a companion in arms, born the same year, in sight of his father's house; who entered the army of the revolution with him, served to the end of the war in the same regiment, retired with him to neighbouring farms, lived near him on the most friendly terms to a good old age,

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was seized nearly at the same hour, with the same disease, which proved fatal to both within the same twenty-four hours; and they were interred the same day, by the same officiating clergyman, in graves so near that the notes of the mocking-bird above the grave of the one could be heard sweetly floating across the gentle stream, far beyond the spot where his companion in arms was laid in his long and honoured repose.

As I rode home, full of solemn reflections on the vanity of life, and on the wonderful ways of Him who holds its destinies in his hands, I was joined by a friend from a distant part of the county, who had rode many miles to pay his last respects to the more honoured of the departed. He spoke with deep emotion of his own religious hopes. On the next occasion of public worship, feeble in health as I was, I had travelled through a severe snow-storm eight miles, to meet an appointment at the venerable parish church in his neighbourhood, and the only person I found at the door was this same friend. I hardly knew how to interpret his first address to me, that, returning from the funeral the other day, he had thought of the text upon which he wished me to preach his funeral sermon. Simply remarking that he, vigorous as he then was in health, was far more likely to attend me to my grave, than I to solemnize his funeral rites, I nevertheless alighted, at his request, to consult the good old church Bible for chapter and verse, (Isaiah xii. 2.)

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Upon recovering from a slight relapse, the result of this day's exposure, I received the sad notice that my services were required to commit the body of this beloved friend to the grave, which I did, after preaching in great weakness of body from the text prescribed. All this was the more remarkable, as this friend was the very first person to welcome me, even before landing, to the house of his father-in-law, whose funeral sermon I preached exactly four Sundays after that on which I had been welcomed at landing to his hospitable roof. Such are parts of the ways of God.

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LINES WRITTEN IN A SON'S ALBUM.

BY MRS. ESTHER COPLEY.

My boy demands a mother's lay
About connubial bliss,
And could her wishes guide his way,
He should not steer amiss.

Then when, dear boy, to bless your cot
You seek some kindred mind,
To share your worse and better lot
In tenderest union joined—

First in attractions be the grace
Of genuine piety,
A heart that finds its resting-place
On things above the sky.

That daily draws down strength divine
To walk in duty's path,
And tramples on the world and sin
By overcoming faith.

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Let temper gentle be, and mild,
Yet generous and sincere;
No wayward gloom, no passions wild,
No dark reserves be there.

Next let the humble charms attend
Of household industry,
Skill that can taste and comfort blend
With wise economy.

For person—whether short or tall,
Hair, colour, and the rest
Are trifles—beauty, after all
Is—that which you like best.

A placid brow; a speaking eye,
Which, be it black or blue,
By sorrow dimmed, or bright with joy,
Looks always kind on you.

A purse I would not quite disdain,
Nor greatly care about it;
Well if it comes by honest gain;
If not, why do without it.

And should the maid you choose and love
Consent to bless your life,

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And both in joy and sorrow prove
A fond and faithful wife—

Then let the world go as it will,
Let hollow friends forsake you,
You both may be as happy still
As love and peace can make you.

Bliss dwells not in the world's gay round
Of pride, and pomp, and pother,
Then seek it where it may be found,
In God and one another.

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BEREAVEMENT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LIFT up thine eyes, afflicted soul!
From earth uplift thine eyes,
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
And daylight beauty dies;
One sun is set,—a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.

Thus when some long-loved comfort ends,
And nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends
And meets ten thousand there;
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
As stars, that seem but points of light,
The rank of suns assume.

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Middleton. Stewart

PRAYER.

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PRAISE.

PRAISE to my God for the hope of the morrow!
Down from the stars on this night's solemn stillness
Praise for the moonlight in waves of silvery splendour,
Filling my heart with a calm sweet delight!
How should I utter my soul's humble gladness?
Hushed is the world with its sorrow and its cares;
Awe-struck its pleasure, its every day business,
God and his Angels are watching the stars!
Worship, sweet soul, for the world is at prayer.
God and his Angels are with thee here.

Oh! for a harp from the courts of the blessed,
Like to appear forth in answer of praise;
And for a tone never to mortal ear given,
Meet to be heard with the seraph's lays.
Then would I sing of this sweet Earth of ours,
Its pure golden light, and the flowers and bowers;

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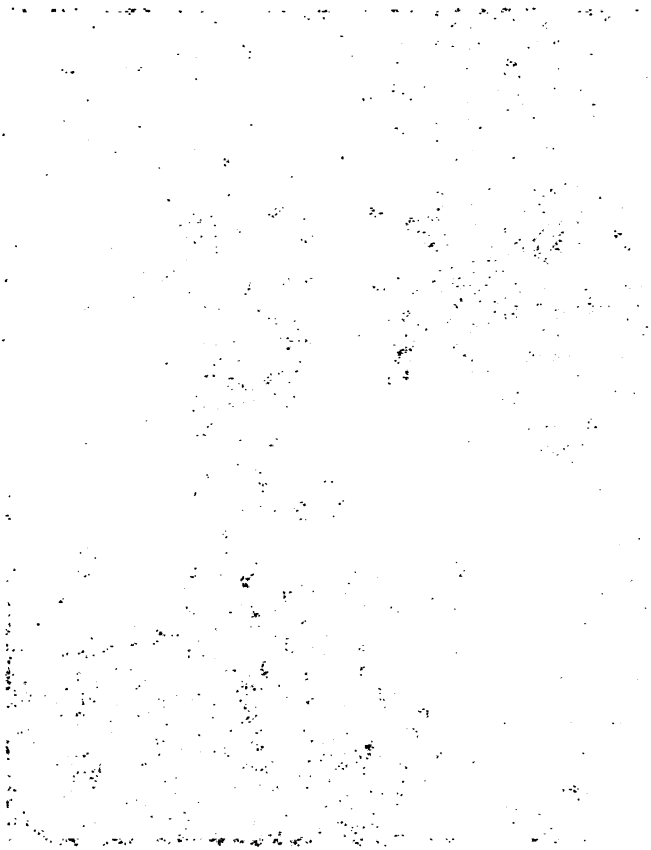

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PIETY.

BY MISS ELIZA L. SPROAT.

"Praise to my God for the happiness beaming
Down from the stars on this beautiful night:
Praise for the moonlight in wild beauty streaming,
Filling my heart with its radiance bright.
How shall I utter my soul's humble gladness?
Hushed is the world with its strife and its mirth;
Awe-struck its pleasure, and silenced its sadness:
God and his Angels are walking the earth."
Worship, sweet maiden, oh! worship in fear;
God and his Angels are listening near.

"Oh! for a harp from the chorus of Heaven,
Life to pour forth in an anthem of praise;
Oh! for a tune ne'er to mortal ear given,
Meet to be heard with the seraphim's lays.
Then would I sing of this sweet Earth of ours,
The pure golden light, and the fathomless sky;

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Then would I sing of bright leaflets and flowers,
Breathing forth gladness sent down from on high."
Sing, happy maiden, such music is dear;
A grateful heart's carol God loveth to hear.

" Fain would I sing too—ah, *fear* that was sleeping,
(Fear lest He scorn my presumptuous strain,)
Cold o'er my heart like a serpent is creeping,
Chiding me back to my first lays again.
How shall I sing of the raptures of Heaven?
How can I see them through Sin's dark array?
Mercy, my Father! For angels 'tis given
To sing and rejoice, but for mortals to pray."
Worship, sweet maiden; than praises more dear
Is the true humble prayer that God loveth to hear.

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A TALE OF CONSTANTIUS;

OR,

THE TRIAL AND REWARD OF CHRISTIAN INTEGRITY.

BY THE REV. D. PEABODY.

THE Emperor Constantius, the father of Constantine the Great, is represented by historians as an amiable and virtuous prince. His character presents a perfect contrast to that of his colleague Galerius. Free from ambition, he was satisfied with a jurisdiction extending only over the provinces of Spain, Gaul, and Britain; and, despising the luxury and magnificence in which many of his predecessors had indulged, he sought his happiness in rendering his subjects happy. "He declared, with unaffected sincerity, that his most valued treasure was in the hearts of his people;" and they, on their part, were equally sensible that theirs was garnered up in the life of their sovereign.

Yet Constantius was a heathen. He was either igno-

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rant of the doctrines of Christianity, or, like most of "the mighty and noble" of this world, he held them in contempt. His clemency, temperance, and moderation, proceeded only from a certain felicitous constitution of mind, improved perhaps somewhat by philosophy, but having none of the peculiar grace and savour of religion.

In his army, however, were many Christians of devoted hearts; and many others, who, though they had embraced the Christian faith, were too timid to profess it openly. Unwelcome as the business of a soldier must have been to such as had imbibed the spirit of the Prince of Peace, they faithfully discharged their duty in the field, and none were more courageous in the hour of danger.

Divisions of the Emperor's troops were stationed along the banks of the Seine, the Elbe, and the Humber; and in the deep forests which embosomed those beautiful streams, long before the morning sun had penetrated their dark recesses, the voice of prayer and praise to the Redeemer of men, was often heard mingling with the melody of nature. The traveller would pause to listen, almost entranced, to the song of single or associated worshippers; now rising with a rich swell of triumphant joy, and now dying away in cadences of the deepest tenderness. It was so unlike the boisterous music of Pagan worship—it was so fraught with emotion, and emotion so strange and undefinable, that it awakened

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alike the wonder and delight of all, except the most malicious or the most stupid votaries of idolatry.

One bright morning in summer, the Emperor himself rode forth on his well-trained Thracian charger, surrounded with a few of his confidential friends, along the extended and verdant lawn that opened between the forest and the river, where his army was then encamped. He had risen earlier than his usual hour, to seek refreshment from the balmy breeze. His health had long been declining; the ruddy glow of the Roman warrior had disappeared from his cheek; and his eye, though still beaming with kindness, was lighted up with a fitful and feverish lustre. His grasp was feeble upon the rein. The animal, however, accustomed to his hand, understood every motion, and yielded submissively, yet proudly, to the slightest restraint.

The sun had not yet risen; but the eastern sky was crimsoned by his approach, and the woods were vocal with the matin of thousands of merry birds, that heralded his coming. The light air, scented with odours from a variety of flowery shrubs bathed in dew, lifted the dark, curling hair from the pale temples of Constantius, and evidently revived his spirits. With quickened pace he soon entered a narrow, sheltered path, which wound into the depths of the forest. Proceeding leisurely, and almost noiselessly, along the grassy way, his ear caught a sound which seemed to be the voice of a human being;

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but so soft, so gentle, yet so earnest in its tone, that his curiosity was at once awakened. "What," said he, "do I hear the breathings of love in the ear of beauty at such an hour as this, and in the very precincts of Mars?" He stopped to assure himself whether it were not an illusion of his own exhilarated fancy. Again he heard the sound swelling into an intensity of earnestness, as if the heart were full almost to bursting with some unutterable desire. It issued from a thicket at a distance from the path, where nothing could be seen by the traveller. Presently it ceased; and soon there rose on the still air a melodious strain of several voices, which thrilled through the very soul of the Emperor :—

"Jesus, Saviour, Lord of life,
We are thine, for ever thine;
Toiling on with weary strife,
Help us with thy power divine!
When in battle fighting, bleeding,
Or in peace our flocks we're feeding,
By our side still abide;
Precious Saviour, ne'er forsake us,
Till to thy abode thou take us;
Then we'll cast our crowns before thee,
And in loftier strains adore thee!
Now we live for thee alone;
'Tis for thee these arms we bear;
Other leader we have none;
Sovereign Saviour, thine we are!"

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Here the Emperor started with surprise; a crimson glow mantled his cheek for a moment, and then disappeared, leaving his usual paleness even more striking than before. "Is there treason in the camp?" he eagerly inquired of a centurion who was near him. "What means this? 'Other Leader we have none; Sovereign Saviour, thine we are?'"

"Does not Constantius know," answered the centurion, raising his massy helmet from his head, "that these are only a few superstitious Christians who have retired to this sequestered spot, to pay their morning worship to their God?"

"But they speak of a Leader, and vow allegiance to him alone. Ah! it was these fanatics that Domitian and Trajan—not to mention others who have worn the imperial purple—offered as a sacrifice to Jupiter, or rather for the good of the state. These are dangerous men to bear arms for Rome. We must take care that they do not corrupt our troops."

"Nay, pardon me," rejoined the centurion, "fanatics as they may be, none in the armies of Rome are braver soldiers, or more faithful to the honour of Augustus!"

"I shall see," returned the Emperor; "let them beware of to-morrow!" So saying, he left the wood, and rode back, silently and thoughtfully, to the imperial dwelling.

During the remainder of the day, the ground near the

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Emperor's residence was the scene of busy preparations; but for what purpose none were able to ascertain. A large stage was erected, and near the centre of it were placed the statues of several of the Roman deities. Every thing seemed to indicate a splendid sacrifice. There was a gorgeous display of costly decorations; the curiosity of the multitude was eager; but the design was preserved a profound mystery to all.

Early the next day, as the troops, amounting to many thousands, were drawn up to receive the customary orders, a herald rode forth before them; and, proceeding from legion to legion, proclaimed with stentorian voice, "Constantius Augustus commands honours to-day to be rendered to the superior gods. Let the officers and chief men in the army, together with the Emperor's guards, be present at the ceremony. And if any man refuse to join in the worship, he shall forfeit his rank and honour, and retire in disgrace. So commands Constantius."

This announcement sent dismay to many Christian hearts, and solicitude to many others, which were too firm in a holy confidence in God to feel aught of fear. Some apprehended more serious inflictions, should they refuse obedience to their sovereign's command, than simply the loss of office and honour; for well they remembered hearing their fathers tell of times when the Roman amphitheatre ran rivers of Christian blood. Some trembled even at the idea of disgrace; for to be

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disgraced under the order of such an Emperor, was to wear no common brand. A few endeavoured to form a compromise with conscience, and retain their emoluments, while they forfeited their own self-respect, and virtually denied their Lord. But most of those who had cordially embraced the Christian faith, resolved, in the spirit of humble trust, to forsake all things for Christ. They might be seen, moving among their companions with thoughtful aspect, and at intervals retiring to some secret place, to strengthen their resolution by communion with God.

The time for the ceremony at length arrived; and, at a given signal from the trumpet, the guards, officers, and chief men assembled around the stage; while the army itself, encompassing it at a greater distance, gazed intently on the scene. Presently a priest, clothed with a white flowing robe, appeared on the area, and walking with a solemn, majestic air, took his station before the statues of the gods. As he reverently removed the rich covering which had concealed them from the view, the voice of the herald was again heard, commanding silence, and requiring, in the name of Constantius, that all should bend the knee, and unite in the worship which the priest was now to offer. Instantly a company, of no inconsiderable number, drew back from the ranks with intrepid steps, their eyes raised to heaven, and their countenances beaming with an expression of heroic

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firmness, and, at the same time, of holy serenity. They were resolved that nothing which an Emperor could give or take away, should ever bribe them to renounce their faith, and dishonour their Saviour. Others seemed wavering and undecided, looking in one direction and then another, anxious to please their sovereign, yet afraid to abjure their religion. It was evident, however, that policy was prevailing over conscience. Meanwhile the Emperor, seated on an artificial elevation commanding a full view of the scene, keenly watched every movement. At length the priest, extending his hands upward, his face turned devoutly toward the east, pronounced a loud and solemn prayer; and then prostrated himself before the gods. The whole assembly, with the exception of the company that had retired, imitated his example. That company stood unmoved, with their eyes still gazing upward, and with the same aspect of calm, unshaken resolution.

The ceremony was scarcely over, when the Emperor appeared before them, and with a stern voice demanded why they had refused to worship the gods of Rome. "Because," they replied, with a respectful yet unfaltering tone, "because we worship only that God who is a Spirit; him who made heaven and earth, and all things; and who, by the blood of his Son Jesus Christ, hath redeemed us from death. If Constantius Augustus should not only deprive us of our rank and honour, but even,

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like some of his predecessors, (the Lord lay not this sin to their charge,) offer us as a sacrifice at the feet of Jupiter, or let loose upon us the fury of wild beasts,—still, though we would honour our Emperor, we must honour, more than all, our Father in heaven. In Him we trust with a confidence which knows no fear." "Amen!" was the simultaneous response of a hundred voices. "Then," rejoined Constantius, "listen to your sentence. Where are those of your number who abjured their faith, and worshipped the gods of Rome?" They came forth from the crowd, blushing with a consciousness of guilt, yet with a look of assurance, expecting a reward from their sovereign. "Away with you, ye faithless sycophants!" said the Emperor; "ye have betrayed your God;—you will next betray your country. I have no favour for the faithless." Then turning to the others, he exclaimed before the astonished multitude, "On these men I can rely. Their integrity is proved. They can never be bribed nor terrified from their duty. I prize them more than all my treasures. I hereby promote them to the highest honours, entrust them with the care of my person, and command their heroism this day to be recorded, that posterity may know that noble independence and inviolable integrity shall be rewarded, while cowardly fear and base submission shall be despised."

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THE MERCHANT SHIP.

BRIGHTLY the morning breaketh o'er the sea,
Tinging the azure wave with orient light;
And the wild breeze is springing, glad and free,
As waking from the slumbers of the night;
And the fair ship unfolds her canvass white,
With gentlest art that wayward breeze to woo;
And hope, a wanderer 'mid life's distant blue,
Throws o'er the voyagers her mantle bright.
Visions of wealth entrance the merchant's view;
And honour's meed before the warrior plays;
Thro' flower-wreathed lands the poet's fancy strays;
And the pale student trims his lamp anew.
Sweet hopes and fair; yet desolate the heart,
That in no holier heritage hath part!

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THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

Again the morning star its radiance hideth,
And rosy sunbeams o'er the mountains play;
On ocean's breast another vessel glideth,
Bearing a lonely voyager away.
What seeketh he across the ocean's spray?
Honour, or wealth, or learning's precious store?
No gain he seeks,—but beareth with him more
Than all the treasures earth may e'er display.
He hath the pearl of price,—the crown of gold,—
The riches undefiled,—the Spirit's sword,—
The seed unperishing, God's holy word;
And still his hands faith's polished shield uphold—
Such are the gifts he beareth o'er the main,
The gentle blessings of Messiah's reign!

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THE MARTYR'S HYMN.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

Oh, no! we may not whisper now
The name by hosts adored;
No more we chaunt in choral song
Our dear redeeming Lord:

They drag us slow with bleeding feet
To many an idol shrine;
They bid us taste the offered meat,
Or quaff the offered wine:

They strive with slow reluctant fires
Our constant souls to break;
They spread the charms the world admires—
But, oh, 'tis death to take.

For neither bright Apollo's bow,
Nor Daphne's laurel grove,
Nor sounds of joy, nor sights of wo,
Can swerve our holy love.

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Yet, if perchance by sorrow tried,
Some sighs our bosoms heave;
They bid us leave the Crucified—
But we will never leave!

Oh, no! the quivering limb may throb,
May start the tortive tear:
For crown of steel and fiery robe
Are hard for flesh to bear:

But heavier was the robe of scorn
The Man of Sorrows wore,
And sharper, sharper was the thorn
On bleeding brows he bore:

And He can cool the torrent wave,
Can stop the oppressor's joy—
Oh! stronger is his arm to save
Than theirs is to destroy.

They tell us He is buried now,
And all our hopes are gone;
They saw not how in vest of snow
He mounted to his throne!

And chains may bind, and prisons dim
Our fettered limbs control—

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Our souls, like eagles, fly to Him,—
They cannot bind the soul.

The waves that wash our prison wall,
The winds that hurry by,
The sweat, the gall, are records all
Of love that cannot die.

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"WHO WILL REPAY THEM THE TEARS THEY HAVE SHED?"

BY THE REV. JOHN M'VICAR, D. D.

"WHO will repay them the tears they have shed?" To the influence of this touching appeal, in the mouth of a Christian wife, addressed to an unbelieving husband, was due, under the providence of God, the first introduction of the Gospel into the kingdom of Poland.

The circumstances here narrated took place about the year A. D. 970, under the barbaric rule of Miecylaus, first of the haughty family of the Jaquillons, and founder of a dynasty that for more than two hundred years continued to rule, though often with doubtful sway, the fortunes of that sore-distracted country.

Of their earlier history little more is known than that they were a race of warriors and heroes, as war was then practised and heroism understood; that is to say, they were men bold, prompt, hardy, and merciless, recognising no law but that of the sword, and acknowledging no rights of humanity beyond the pleasure of the

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victor. Of such a race was Miecylaus the chief, and the leader—a barbarian in his manners, a heathen in his faith, and a soldier in his fortunes. How little was there of human probability that through such a channel the Gospel should have been borne to a benighted people! Yet under the mercy of God, thus it was.

It is recorded of him in those early annals, that having been born blind, he recovered sight at the age of seven years, as if by miracle. If the incident be true, it in all probability left traces on his mind that prepared it for deeper and holier influences; but whether true or not, it is strikingly illustrative of his subsequent conversion from the darkness of heathenism to the light of revealed truth.

Of this happy change, woman was the chosen instrument; and how often, it may justly be remarked, does this fact present itself to our observation, that God's choicest spiritual as well as temporal gifts come through female hands, as if in quittance of that primeval debt incurred by woman, when man's first fall was due to her solicitations. But passing by this tempting theme, we return to our story.

Miecylaus, having heard much by report of the beauty and virtues of a young Christian princess, Daborzska by name, daughter of the neighbouring Duke of Bohemia, he sent by his ambassador a haughty message, demanding her in marriage. But his suit was denied by the fearless

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maiden, save on condition of his being forthwith baptized and becoming like herself, a Christian. Such was the power of fancy working in the breast of the barbarian, or, it may be, the inward prompting of some higher spirit, that the proud chieftain readily consented to the condition. He submitted to what he then deemed a trivial ceremony, and consented farther to receive instruction in the principles of his new faith.

The profession, however, was but in name, and Daborzska, as a wife, was soon called to the higher task and more dubious contest of leading him by her Christian example to the practice of that pure faith to which her earlier influence had only been able to make him an unwilling and a nominal convert. The struggle was doubtless an arduous one—but in the end not doubtful. The Christian spirit, as is ever the case where true to itself, gained in the long run the victory over its heathen adversary, and day by day, and year by year, the wild passions and ungoverned temper of her lord, felt, we are told, the humanizing influence of a home companion trained in the Christian school of gentleness and long-suffering.

Among the incidents recorded as having wrought out this good work, the touching, though gentle reproof with which our story is introduced, stands prominent.

Having in one of his wild forages ravaged the lands

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of a neighbouring tribe of unoffending herdsmen, scattering far and wide their defenceless families, and driving off their cattle as spoil, he was at length awakened by her tender Christian entreaties to some sense of his own cruelty and injustice; the flocks and herds were restored or paid for, and the wretched outcasts permitted to return once more in peace to their dwellings. But it was in him the remorse of a still slumbering conscience—taking credit to itself instead of shame for a late and imperfect repentance. "Cease, madam," said he in a tone of confident self-righteousness, "cease your unfounded accusations. I have made good every thing to the poor wretches whom I wronged. Their flocks and their herds I have fully paid for." "Ay," said she, "but who will repay them the tears they have shed?"

It was a question that sank deep in his heart, and a blessed spirit seems to have gone with it of contrition and amendment. His eyes were now in truth opened to see and acknowledge the depth and the loveliness of Christian virtue—and from that hour he is said to have entered upon the course of a faithful and true believer. The banner of the cross was set up by him in every quarter of the land, and churches founded, and schools endowed—and all to teach the peaceful faith of Christ, by one who had been but as yesterday a proud, heathen, and relentless ruler—teaching us also the beauty and

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the power of Christian loveliness in woman, and how blessed may prove the word of truth spoken by her in grace and in season.

One remnant only of his earlier barbaric nature is said still to have cleaved to the true convert Miecylaus. He ordained it as a law upon his followers—and it is one that has come down to modern times, in the Sarmatian church—that the creed of their faith should ever be repeated by them in the attitude of soldiers ready for the contest, and with their hands clasped upon their half-unsheathed swords, as intimating not only that upon their swords they swore to it, but that with their swords they were ready to maintain it. But—"pace requiescat"—may he sleep in peace. Few converts to the faith of Christ had more to change from; and it may be well for those who have been called to bear a less heavy burden, should they find the "Old Adam" equally subdued within them.

May not too, the touching question by which his better spirit was awakened, be recalled with advantage by many in our own day, more wisely instructed than was this simple-hearted heathen, and more favourably placed for self-discipline than this lordly founder of a race of princes? and may not, too, those words effect in our case, under the teaching of the same blessed spirit, a Christian revolution within a narrower kingdom, and set up, it may be, in the family or in the heart, the

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blessed ensign of a meek and forgiving faith, more often remembered by us in our words than our actions?

At any rate, the principle it conveys is one of tender and lofty import, and one that cannot be too frequently impressed upon the mind. The debt of unkindness can never on earth be liquidated. Repay it as we may, there still remains against us what human endeavour can never make good: the cost of wounded feelings and agonized fears, of anxieties and sorrows, which, with all our pains, must ever cast the balance of account against us. Let then the husband remember this, when he thinks to requite by gifts the debt of unkindness. Let the child remember it, who brings tears into the eyes of an anxious parent. Let the rich and the powerful remember it, who think to make up to-morrow for the injustice of to-day. Let them recall the words of Daborzska, and ask themselves, though the flocks and herds be given back, yet "WHO WILL REPAY THEM THE TEARS THEY HAVE SHED?"

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THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

FREE, yet in chains, the mountains stand,
The valleys linked run through the land;
In fellowship the forests thrive,
And streams from streams their strength derive.

The cattle graze in flocks and herds,
In choirs and concerts sing the birds,
Insects by millions ply the wing,
And flowers in peaceful armies spring.

All nature is society,
All nature's voices harmony,
All colours blend to form pure light;
—Why then should Christians not unite?

Thus to the Father prayed the Son,
"One may they be as We are One,
That I in them and Thou in Me,
They One with Us may ever be."

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Children of God, " combine your bands,
Brethren in Christ," join hearts and hands,
And pray,—for so the Father willed,—
That the Son's prayer may be fulfilled :—

Fulfilled in you,—fulfilled in all
That on the name of Jesus call,
And every covenant of love
Ye bind on earth, be bound above.

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"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."

BY MISS ELEANOR A. JONES.

One of England's sweetest and most truthful poets has said, "A death-bed 's a detector of the heart," and observation proves how truly he wrote. It often happens, indeed, that life goes out amidst the ravings of delirium, or the lethargy of disease, yet those very ravings frequently bespeak the dominant passion of the soul, or the mutterings of the half-awakened slumberer bear a message from those inmost recesses which are unseen to mortal eyes. The miser clutches his bag of gold with the convulsive grasp of the dying, he starts from his pillow, and his eyeballs glare, as he fancies that he hears the step of the midnight robber, coming to take away from him his long-cherished idol, his only god. The devotee of Fashion, the worshipper at this world's shrine, has asked that the cold clay might be gracefully attired, and seemed to desire only "that her lovers should still come round, to gaze, and do her homage."

The gallant Wolfe, on the Heights of Abraham, when

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life was ebbing fast, was roused by the cry, "They fly! they fly!" "Who flies?" he asked. "The French," was the reply. The dim eye brightened. "Then," said he, "I die content."

"Tête d'armée," were the words of the expiring Napoleon, when, on his sea-girt isle of exile, far from the land of his birth and the scenes of his childhood, he was passing into the presence of the King of kings.

The heart sickens as we contemplate the haughty English Queen, the renowned Elizabeth, writhing in the agonies of dissolution, all unwilling to drop the sceptre, to lay aside the crown; and furious with rage when asked to name her successor.

Who that has read of the treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii, has not felt the warm tear gush as he has paused to gaze upon an image impressed in the lava?—the image of a mother clasping her babe to her bosom. There is no passion belonging to the human soul, whether evil or good, which has not been developed in that solemn "hour appointed unto all men." The Christian has named the name of Jesus, and has entered heaven with prayer. The holy Stephen prayed for his murderers, and confidently indeed might he commend his spirit into the hands of the God of Mercy. Let us look to the scene on Calvary. The Redeemer's cup was full; in an agony he cries, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Yet while bearing the sins of

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many, while his humanity was thus tortured, he remembers his mother, and commends her to his beloved John. In that hour, too, he prays for his enemies. His name was Love, he came on a mission of love; that love filled his heart amidst the pangs of dissolving nature. The noble army of martyrs has proved the power of the grace of God; through this the weak have waxed valiant, and the conqueror's song has arisen from the swellings of Jordan.

In the summer of 1840, the writer watched for many days by the couch of a maiden, who in the freshness of her morning had heard the voice of her Divine Master, saying, "Child, come home." In early life Mary was left an orphan, but before she had attained to maturity, she could by faith say "Abba Father." From that moment a burning desire for the welfare of the perishing heathen filled her heart, and it had been her cherished purpose on some distant land to tell of Jesus. She was the betrothed of one who like herself desired the missionary's life; but "God, who seeth not as man seeth," laid his hand upon her, and she withered as the frail flower. When for the first time she became conscious that she was soon to descend into the grave, she exclaimed, "Shall I never go to the heathen? Oh! I have longed for that." Then went up the voice of prayer, that God would raise up labourers, and send them forth. Calmly from day to day she drew nearer to her last dwelling-

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place; from day to day she spoke of the heathen, and her prayers ascended for them. Oh! it was a sweet and holy sight to see one timid, fragile, as was that dear one, so strong in faith, and forgetting her own pains, whilst love for Jesus, and love for souls, dwelt upon her tongue. The Sabbath came, and the gentle girl was meekly breathing out her life. He whom she loved with all a woman's trust, knelt by her side; she took his hand in hers, and the last injunction fell from her lip,—"Be faithful, be faithful to God; forget not the heathen." Softly we heard her whisper, "Lord God Almighty!" and she was in his presence,—hers was "the inheritance of the saints in light."

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A REMINISCENCE.

BY J. S. H.

I PRIZE whate'er reminds me of an absent friend;
E'en withered as thou art, and dry, I prize thee, leaf,
For round thee cluster thoughts of that wild hour and spot,
Where first I saw thee, tremulous on thy native bough:
Nor saw *alone;* for other eyes beheld thee—eyes
From which beamed forth each feeling of the heart within,
Disclosing thoughts ere aught the lips had uttered.
No breath but shook thee, leaf; the zephyr, as he passed
With light and noiseless step, was by thy curl betrayed,
And all his gambols seen in thine unceasing play,—
How like the ceaseless play of features on that face,
Where inmost feeling stood embodied to the view,
And thought chased thought, as clouds flit o'er the moon, giving
Alternate light and shade to the beholder.

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Where's now the hand that plucked thee, leaf? shall
it, like thee,
Be withered and decay? shall I again ne'er feel
Its thrilling touch? Like thee, shall those fair features
lose
Their colour, motion, life? And where shall be the
immortal part,—
The soul that spoke through them? Shall it, like them,
decay?
Or, shall those heaven-born hopes and powers survive
the tomb?
As flesh decays, shall spirit strengthen?—and the soul,
From its clay tenement loosening, mount on eagle wings
To higher, holier, happier spheres?

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THE IMPASSABLE BRIDGE.

BY THE REV. ENOCH POND, D. D.

In one of my late excursions into the country, to preach the Gospel to the poor, I met with a Christian brother in humble life, who had long been distinguished for his steady zeal and unwearied exertions in the cause of Christ. He had encountered many discouragements from some of his professed brethren, as well as from a scoffing world, but had persevered, not altogether without success, in his endeavours to arouse his neighbours, and those around him, from their delusive slumbers, and bring them to a knowledge of the truth. I had a curiosity to know the history of this man's religious experience;—to learn what it was which originally gave him such an impulse, and had borne him on in such a uniform course of labour and self-denial in the service of the Redeemer. I took an opportunity to state to him my wishes, and found him not unwilling to gratify me in this matter. He proceeded, with much modesty, and with every appearance of sincerity and truth, and gave me substantially the following account:

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"I was," said he, "awakened, and I trust brought to repentance in early life. But being alone in my feelings, and living where I had none to encourage me, and where the church was not in altogether a desirable state, I neglected to make a public profession of religion; and (after a season of enjoyment) I lapsed into comparative worldliness. In this state I lived several years, performing some religious duties, and finding comfort in them, but neglecting others, and my heart often reproaching me for my unfaithfulness. At length, it pleased God to visit me with protracted sickness. I was not dangerously ill, but my confinement was long and tedious. This trial, however, produced no very perceptible change in my feelings. If it should please God to take me away, I hoped I was prepared to die; or if he should restore me, I thought I felt willing to live to his glory. But, alas! I had little conception at that time of what it is to live to God's glory, or of what is implied in such a course of life.

"In this state of mind, I was gradually recovering, with a prospect of being soon able to resume my accustomed labours, when, on a certain night, I had a remarkable dream or vision. I seemed to myself to be standing on an eminence, with a vast plain, rather steeply inclined towards a broad dark river, stretched out before me. A wide bridge was constructed part way over the river, the farther end of which was obscured in a thick

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impenetrable fog or mist, which lay along on the opposite side of the stream. To persons on the plain, the bridge seemed to reach quite across the river, and to promise a safe and pleasant passage; but in my situation, I could distinctly perceive that it reached only till it had entered the thick fog, and terminated just beyond the middle of the flood. I saw but one way of approach to the plain, but there were two ways leading from it; the one by the bridge already described, and the other on the opposite side of the plain, up a steep and somewhat difficult bank. The way to the plain was thronged with travellers, and the plain itself seemed covered with people of both sexes, and of all ages, ranks, and conditions in life. Every one of this immense multitude was busy, bustling here and there, and many among them appeared happy. The steep inclination of the plain gave a constant and strong downward tendency to those who came upon it, so that at every step, the multitude in general were insensibly verging towards the bank of the river. The consequence was, that while only a few attempted to get from the plain by means of the steep passage on the upper side of it, thousands were crowding upon the bridge, and vainly expecting to pass over it in safety. I saw them enter upon it and pass gayly along, flattering themselves there was no danger, and that soon they should be beyond the deep waters, till presently they entered the thick fog, and were concealed from the eyes of those that followed them,

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when they dropped, one after another, into the stream, and sunk in its dark flood to rise no more, I continued looking at this shocking spectacle, till my heart was full —ready to burst; and in the effort to cry out to the deluded throng, who were just entering upon the bridge, or were about to enter, 'Stop! stop! stop!' I awoke—and it was a dream.

"But though it was a dream, the impression it made upon my heart was indelible. I have never lost it and I never shall. The vision, I saw at once, was full of meaning. The plain is the world. The bridge is the broad road spoken of by the Saviour. The path up the steep bank represents the straight and narrow way which leadeth unto life. And seeing, as I continually do, thousands and thousands of my fellow-men jostling down the inclined plain, pressing towards the bridge, crowding upon it, heedlessly thinking it will carry them safely over, and not dreaming of danger, till they make their last plunge, and are gone for ever;—seeing all this continually passing before my eyes, how can I hold my peace? How can I cease to cry in the ears of deluded mortals,

"'Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go!'

I am blamed, and have been, for saying and doing so much on the subject of religion. But I blame myself for not doing a great deal more. The vision, though years

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have now passed away since first I saw it, is still before me. The feelings which I then had are fresh upon me. And while these remain, I can never cease to warn the wicked of his way; to tell him of the impassable bridge, and the devouring flood; and to point him upward to the path of life."

I listened to the narrative of my aged friend with intense interest. His eye kindled, and his whole soul seemed to glow with heavenly fire, while the words fell from his lips. O, could a vision such as this open upon the eyes of professing Christians generally, how differently would they feel, and live, and labour, from what many among them do at present!

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THE EVENING SACRIFICE.

CALM is this hallowed hour!
And sweet the sacred joy our spirits know,
When we approach to that Eternal Power,
Before whose footstool thus we love to bow.

Lowly we bend the knee
Before that God whose arms the world uphold,
His worship sacred, and his service free,
His mercy boundless, and his love untold.

Then earth, how vain thy toys!
How short and momentary all thy bliss!
How frail! how transient all thy boasted joys!
How sad thy happiest hours compared with this!

Saviour of sinners, hear!
Beam on our souls with thy divinest light;
Implant within our hearts thy holy fear,
And guide our loitering, wandering footsteps right.

T. A.

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THE AGONY.

Those tears of anguish are not shed
For friends who love in sacred bonds,
But enemies, whose hate and scorn
Shall crown it soon with piercing thorn.
He sees even now that dreadful hour,
Whose awful horrors shall have power
To wring the cry of agony,
"Why hast thou, God, forsaken me?"
He hears the wild and savage cry
Of "Crucify him!" rise on high
Even now before his startled ear
The hissing, the threatening jeers,
The keener shafts of pain
The mockery of that coronal
Wreathed in roses of knighthood,
The scorns of earth shall God decide
Tradition now the accursed tree,
The wounds and scorns of Calvary!
Ye—all have eyes to see,
The sunshine and the summer sky,
Not shrink before them that in
While lifts he there his midnight prayers and cries.

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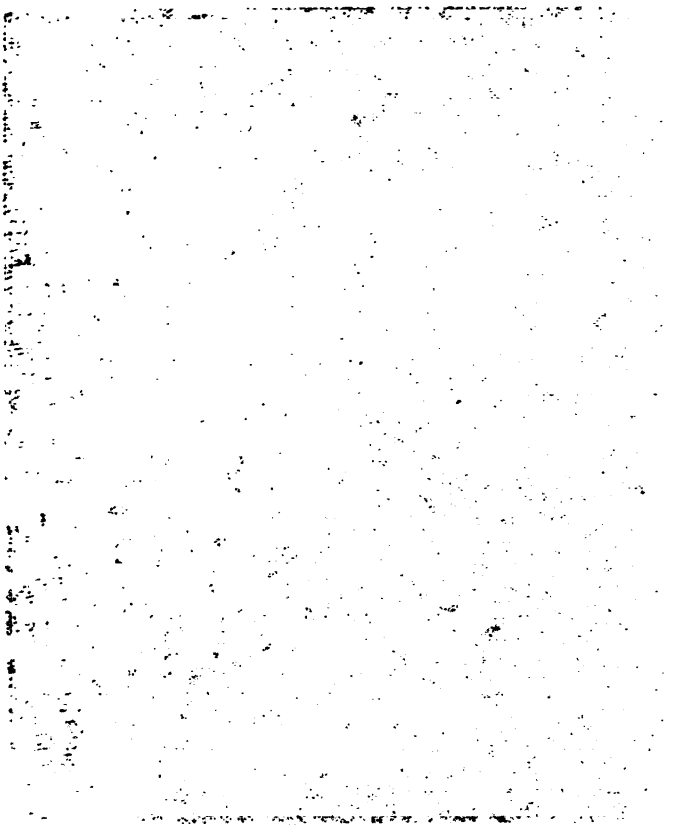

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THE AGONY.

Those tears of anguish are not shed
For friends who love his sacred head,
But enemies, whose hate and scorn
Shall crown it soon with piercing thorn.
He sees even now that dreadful hour,
Whose awful horrors shall have power
To wring the cry of agony,
"Why hast thou, God, forsaken me?"
He hears the wild infuriate cry
Of "Crucify him! crucify!"
Even now before his sight appear
The buffeting, the thorn, the spear,
The keener shafts of bitter scorn,
The mockery of that coming morn,
When, clothed in robes of kingly pride,
The worms of earth shall God deride:
Nor hidden now the accursed tree,
The wounds and groans of Calvary!
Yea—all lies open to his eye,
As sunshine in the summer sky,
Yet shrinks he not from that dread sacrifice,
While lifts he there his midnight prayers and cries.

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SONNET.

THE WORLDLING TO THE POET.

Poor thoughtful fool, who from the careless throng,
Passed thy days in musing idleness,
And the vain visions of impassioned song
'Mid which thy spirit, unrestrained and strong,
In words embodies what she should repress:
Thoughts which alone unto thy tribe belong;
Unfashionable virtues—*Liberty*.
The loveliness of *truth*, and sages old,
Who laboured in her cause, and suffered by
The hate and venom of her enemy.
And wilt thou still in her lost cause be bold?
Beware, beware! And thy rash censure hold!
The world, as it was erst, is still the same:
Lose not thy present good, for future praise and fame.

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SONNET.

THE POET TO THE WORLDLING.

I CANNOT change the colour of the thought
With which my frame is full—nor yet conceal
The feelings which my heart is prone to feel.
I would be silent; but my mind when fraught
With its perceptions is a restless thing,
Wherewith it makes itself the fabled wing,
And revels in a world denied to thee,
Peopled with all that's bright and flourishing,
Where all is beauty, love, and purity;
This is not losing present good for fame,
But rising 'bove the present ill to good;
Therefore, poor Worldling, cease thy voice of blame,
Nor scorn a Poet and his solitude.

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ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE THUNDER-STORM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY THE REV. DR. PHILIP.

TRAVELLING in the northern part of the Griqua country, during the months of October and November, 1832, we entered one of those basaltic enclosures for which that country is remarkable. It resembled a large plain enclosed with a line of hills, having the appearance of a circular wall, with here and there hills of higher elevation, like so many towers, at irregular distances, and of the same formation. This plain, which contained several insulated and conical-shaped hills, might be about twenty-five miles in diameter. We were obliged to proceed slowly, on account of our sheep, and soon after sunset we passed one of those solitary hills about four miles from the extremity of the circle. The person who had the charge of our flock, which was a short distance before us, came running back to the wagons, to tell us he had met a wolf at the spot where the sheep were to have rested; and, after he had given us this in-

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formation, and pointed him out to us, marching off very deliberately, he fired his gun after him.

The day was warm, the thermometer in the wagon being 96°, but the heat was not oppressive, and I never saw more majestic-looking clouds than we had all the day before us. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I observed a thin dark cloud, very much in shape like a funeral escutcheon, and it stood in front of the magnificent pile of clouds I have described, as that emblem of mortality is seen in front of our splendid palaces. In the course of an hour it assumed a tattered and rugged appearance, and shortly after spread itself in dark streaks over a large portion of the heavens. In this state it continued stationary for twenty-five minutes, and in less than half an hour all the varied perspective of the scene was lost, and the numerous clouds that rose above each other in towering grandeur were converted into one dark and lurid mass of vapour, on which the sun seemed incapable of shedding one enlivening ray. The lightning was uncommonly splendid during the night, and we enjoyed the thunder that kept the line of the hills the more, as it was at some distance from us.

Saturday was exceedingly hot; the thermometer was as high as 98° in the wagon. In the evening we rested by a Bushman's kraal, and pitched our tent for the Sabbath. Just as I was retiring to rest, a commando

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was announced as approaching the wagons. The men were hungry, and I was obliged to give them a sheep and some tobacco. The commissariat of our great captains in this country do not cost them much; they are obliged to find their supplies upon the road. In the morning we had them at worship with the Bushmen, and we had the services conducted in the Dutch and Hottentot languages. During the service, there was a thunder-storm from the northwest. It was awfully grand, and passed immediately over our heads. About an hour and a half after this storm, we had another; and at the close of the afternoon service, I observed a third approaching from the same quarter, still more awful in its aspect than those that preceded it. While it yet appeared at a considerable distance, the forked lightning was brilliantly playing on every side. The pole of the tent was fixed to the wagon with hempen cords; I ordered them to be loosed, and the tent fastened with iron pegs. The ball from the top of the tent was lost, and I desired the men to cover the iron spike with a wet cloth. God is the safety of his people, but we tempt Providence if we do not make use of the necessary means for our preservation. Scarcely had we finished our preparations, when the immense bank of clouds, covering one quarter of the heavens, and making towards us in a direct line, shifted its course, and taking a line of hills about three

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quarters of a mile distant, was seen rushing together to one spot, as if designing to collect all its force, and encircle or burst upon us.

The scene was at this moment terrific. The whole mass appeared like an enormous animal in the air, throwing out millions of feelers to take hold of the earth with, and all those feelers moved in perfect harmony, as if instinct with life. The hill immediately above us is of a conical shape, with a flat top, and is not, perhaps, more than 300 feet above the ground on which we then were. Immediately above this hill it hovered for some time, when, whirling round as if it had been wrapping up its vast volume, alternately attracted and repelled, leaving, at its lowest descent, a space between it and the hill of perhaps from twenty to forty feet. This continued for upwards of half an hour, and during all this time the immense mass was every moment increasing, and the whole was in such awful commotion that the most troubled cloud on Table Mountain can give but a very faint idea of it. It suggested to me the thought that it might perhaps resemble the cloud which indicated the Divine Presence on Sinai, and it seemed as if it might be a fit accompaniment of the angel who is to sound the trumpet which is to announce that time shall be no longer! When the whole mass had collected immediately behind and on either side of the conical hill on which it had rested, covering a space of many square

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miles, the lower part of the cloud, which had been all the while in a state of violent agitation, repelled and attracted by the top of the hill I have described, came in sudden contact with its surface, when all at once the lightning and thunder burst forth, and the whole cloud rolled down upon us in lightning and thunder, and rain and tempest.

I had just time to get into my wagon when the deluge arrived, and to observe so much of the scene as could be discovered from the darkness which surrounded us. The rain first descended in prodigious drops, resembling tremendous hail-stones. In two minutes it drove against our wagon in whole sheets, as if the windows of heaven had been open, and the strong wind was dispersing its torrents over us. In one minute our fire was extinguished; in a little more time, our implements about the fire filled, the water was flowing in torrents on every side of us, and such was the power of the tempest that the water was driving along, as far as we could see, like drifting snow. I regretted afterwards that I did not take out my watch to mark its continuance, but I think it must have lasted with this violence near half an hour. The thunder at this time was as peculiar as it was terrible: it seemed rolling along the ground, and under our feet. The peals were numerous and loud, but without any reverberation.

As soon as I deemed it safe to venture out of my

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wagon, I threw my cloak about me, to get upon the ground and look around me, but I saw no place on which I could place the soles of my feet. The whole face of the ground was covered with one sheet of water, moving rapidly on in an inclined plane. I could see only the higher parts of the heath and the grass. As soon as the high ground on which I stood was cleared, I made haste to observe the ravines, but there was no approaching them; in every place that could afford a channel for the water, there was an impassable stream. I at last gained high ground, about a quarter of a mile from the wagons; an immense torrent was dashing down into a ravine, in which a number of such streams were meeting, forming a large river. I then understood, for the first time, the cause of that phenomenon which so frequently occurs in South Africa, when wagons and oxen are suddenly carried away, crossing the beds of our rivers. It must have been a cloud of this kind which destroyed Hankey. While I was musing on this awful scene, and hoping I should have a quiet evening, the forked lightning began again to descend around me. I looked to the northwest, and saw another cloud, or mass of clouds, approaching. The sun was now setting, and I prepared myself to observe the lightning. It continued for an hour, the most splendid I had ever seen; sometimes it passed in one sheet of flame, at other times like large balls of fire; now it was seen like chains of burnished

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gold, as if they had been let down from heaven to the earth; at other times, like strings of diamonds; and at other times it appeared like chains in the form of the rainbow, regularly set with balls of fire at equal distances, about eight or nine inches in diameter.

The thunder now came immediately over our heads, and the rain poured down upon us in torrents, but it fell in drops, and there was no wind-tempest. The cloud which preceded the scene above described differed from all the rest; it spent itself on the ground on which we stood, and no vestige of it remained. This, like the preceding ones, passed over our heads, and was seen and heard in the southeast, till the thunder died away, and the cloud itself vanished from our sight. This cloud having passed over our heads, it was followed by a great stillness in the air, and I returned to my wagon, in the hope that I should have a good night's rest; but scarcely had I laid my head upon my pillow, when I again heard the thunder muttering its awful sounds in the northwest. We had evening prayers after the two public services, and all was now still, to listen to the voice of the Lord thundering in the heavens. The storm, as it drew near, became awfully grand. It was above our heads, whereby the thunder was distinctly heard. The peals followed each other like the successive discharges of artillery, and the whole concave of heaven seemed filled with innumerable sounds, to which there appeared to be no end;

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these, from their different degrees of distance, appeared like the notes struck on different keys on a musical instrument. It was the music of heaven; it was grand and glorious. I think I still hear it lingering on my ear, and, could almost fancy that several sounds will be heard when the redeemed shall be caught up to meet their Lord in the air. When these sounds had passed away, another distant thunder uttered its murmuring voice in the northwest, and this scene continued, one cloud succeeding another, till midnight. I must now be brief, and come to a description of the last cloud which closed the scene. Whether the last cloud rested on the hill or not, I could not ascertain by sight, but there was no reverberation of sound, and every clap of thunder struck the earth and shook it. One peal was heard immediately over my wagon, and it participated in the motion of the earth, and shook and trembled; another appeared to strike the ground immediately on the left side of my wagon; this was succeeded by one upon the right side; and I was all attention, supposing the tent, the people, and the other wagon, must have been destroyed by it.

Scarcely had I satisfied myself that they had escaped, when another peal appeared to strike the ground immediately behind the wagon in which I lay; and such was the effect of the percussion on the earth and the air, that my bed was moved in a longitudinal direction, so that my head, which was upon my pillow, was dashed against

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the board at my head. It was a solemn moment: it brought eternity directly before me; the next second I supposed I should stand before the Judge of the whole earth. I pleaded a Redeemer's merit, and committed my soul into his hands. In this state of mind I continued waiting the awful summons, not doubting that my hour was come. I had, however, more days to live;—the flaming sword was muffled; I saw no more lightning; I heard no more thunder. This was to me surprising, because in all the other tempests the thunder had passed over us, and gone beyond us; in this instance the last thunder spent itself at the head of my wagon; it seemed as if the Almighty had said, "My parting voice on this occasion is to you personally. I have come near you, that you may feel your weakness, and the safety there is in my protection."

Next morning I was anxious to ascertain what might be the cause of the extraordinary succession of thunder-storms which had passed over us on the preceding day. For this purpose I set out by myself, to examine the grounds—when, what was before to me a mystery, was in some measure explained. Walking a short distance, I reached the summit of the ground, or, at least, sufficiently high to command a view of the surrounding country. I then recollected that we had been ascending for two days towards the eminence on which I stood; and I discovered that I had gained the only part of that

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ledge, or high land, which separates the drainage of the Cradock from the Yellow rivers, and that I was then upon a high headland, not more than fifteen miles distant from the junction of those magnificent streams, before they form what is denominated the Great River. The whole of the thunder-clouds came along the course of the Great River from the northwest; and had I, on Sabbath, known the position on which I stood, and that I was on the very point at which clouds coming in that direction might be expected to settle, I should not have been so surprised at the unwonted nature of the phenomena. I should not then have been astonished at seeing the clouds and lightnings of heaven coming in the direction of my encampment. The science, however, I acquired next morning, did not lessen the grateful feelings I experienced when I reflected on the goodness of God in the preservation vouchsafed to me; and I trust that as long as I live I shall recollect that day. If the scenes I have described impressed my mind with a deeper sense of God's providential care than I had before experienced, that feeling was greatly heightened by the following circumstance which occurred this morning.

When at Graham's Town, I purchased a small barrel of powder, which I intended partly for shooting game upon the road, and partly to give in presents to others for the same purpose. When speaking of the manner in which it should be placed in the wagon, I was desired

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to allow it to be put into one of our chests, and I was at the same time assured that it would be perfectly safe in that situation. This morning we lifted the barrel out of the chest, when it was found that the heat of the weather, and the jolting of the wagon, had loosened the hoops and staves of the barrel. The double linchpins, and other irons necessary for the journey, had been put into the same chest. Judge of my feelings when I saw the bottom of the chest covered with the powder, and the irons, which had been rubbing upon each other during the whole journey, taken out of the powder as if they had been covered with a black paste by the gunpowder, and caked more than the eighth of an inch thick, and perfectly glazed by their friction upon each other. I felt almost stupid. When the God of glory thundered in the heavens, I felt that man had within him an immortal soul, that could triumph in God amidst the war of elements: when I saw the man scraping off the caked gunpowder from the irons with perfect indifference, I felt as if man were a brute, and that he had no spirit to survive the death of the body. How different are the emotions arising in the human breast from discovering dangers in appearance equal, merely from a slight difference in the circumstance! The care of God is, however, as visible in the one as in the other.

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THE BARREN FIG TREE.

LUKE xiii. 6.

BY THE REV. DR. RAFFLES.

"BARREN still this tree is found,
Lo, it cumbers still the ground:
Culture it has had for years,
But as yet no fruit appears;
Cut it down—why all this toil?
It no more shall curse the soil!"

But, the Dresser cries, "Forbear—
Let it stand another year.
Still it shall my care employ,
Then if fruit appear, with joy
At thy feet it shall be laid,
And my toil be well repaid."

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Lord, this parable's for me;
I'm that dead and fruitless tree.
I within the vineyard stand,
Planted by thy gracious hand;
Yet, with all the Dresser's care,
Scanty is the fruit I bear.

I have peaceful Sabbath days,
I have hours of prayer and praise:
Faithful sermons, they are mine,
Threatenings, promises divine,
All that wisdom could devise,
Sent, in mercy, from the skies.

Yet my heart is cold and dead,
Like a branch that's withered:
Yet my hands inactive prove,
To promote the cause I love;
Blessed Jesus, can there be
Life in such a barren tree!

But, another year is given,
Granted by indulgent Heaven;
Sabbaths, sermons, hours of prayer,
Granted for another year:
Still deserved wrath delays,
Mercy lengthens out my days.

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Oh for grace this year, to be
All that God delights to see—
Oh for wisdom from above,
Every moment to improve:—
And, when time is past away,
O for mercy, in THAT day!

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THE MONTHLY PRAYER-MEETING FOR MISSIONS.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

Come to the house of prayer. It is the night
When, by a compact sweeter than command,
Their mutual prayers throughout this happy land
The scattered family of Christ unite:
Nor here alone observed the simple rite;
In western climes prolonged, by many a band
In busy town, lone wild, or coral strand;
Where'er the Gospel shines, a beacon light,
Taught by one Spirit, all their prayers agree.
This night, the self-exiled for Christ can dare
Dwell on dear friends he ne'er again may see:
The thought is balm, that on their hearts they bear
His name, while blending thus in harmony
The vows of faith. Come to the house of prayer.

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THE BURNING PRAIRIE.

BY THE REV. JOHN A. CLARK, D. D.

In sailing up and down the waters of our great western rivers in a steamer, one is almost forced to become more or less acquainted with all the passengers on board. At meals, and on a variety of other occasions, the passengers are brought into such direct contact, that however taciturn any one himself may be, he cannot well escape hearing numerous conversations, which will leave him in no doubt as to the calling and character, and peculiar views of the individuals around him. In general, also, after having been on board a steamer some week or ten days, however great may be his own resources, almost every individual is prompted to seek relief from *ennui* in an attempt to hold some sort of communion with his fellow-passengers; and usually one finds some prominent and strongly-marked characters around him, who seem to derive quite as much pleasure as they impart, from the efforts they make to amuse and interest their fellow-travellers.

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We had been on board a steamer several days—having sailed from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio, and then turned our course upward to stem the current of the mighty "Father of Rivers," the vast Mississippi. Our eyes had become almost wearied with tracing the endless sylvan beauties that clustered around the banks of the smooth-flowing Ohio; and the vast, unpenetrated, boundless forest scenes that spread away on either side of us from the abrupt, muddy banks of the Mississippi. The ear had become wearied with the monotony of the sharp, rough sound of the high-pressure engine, that was heard ceaselessly, day and night. Books scarcely any longer could interest us. The character and conversation of most of those around us seemed exceedingly dull and common-place. There was however one exception. This was found in a man of almost herculean stature, who, we soon learned, possessed great versatility and vigour of mind. His manners, however, at first appeared so coarse, and his conversation so blunt, that we thought there was something exceedingly repulsive connected with his character. But this impression soon wore away, and in a few days he became the centre of almost universal attraction. He was a true Kentuckian of the old school; he was born and brought up amid the stirring scenes connected with the early settlement of his native state, and was perfectly familiar with all the war legends, and every bloody fray, from the first movement of Col.

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Boone to the final expulsion of all the savage tribes from this their ancient hunting-ground. To use his own language, he was "born in an Indian fort, and through childhood fed upon bear's meat and clothed in buffalo skins." His physical strength seemed enormous, and he bore evident marks of being one of those brave, reckless characters that find pleasurable excitement in facing danger and death in every form. Yet he was not destitute of the softer and more kindly feelings of our nature, and withal seemed to have a high and reverential regard for religion.

It was just at the close of a long summer's day, during the weary hours of which our steamer had been pushing her slow course up the broad current of the Mississippi, that there suddenly opened upon us a vast, far-extending prairie. It was the first that I had ever seen, and to me it was an object of thrilling interest, and the more so because for several days we had seen nothing upon either side of the river but unbroken and boundless forests, stretched away as far as the eye could reach to the distant horizon. Here was a vast expanse in which no tree, nor stump, nor stone was visible. Nought met the eye but the tall grass, waving in the breeze, bending, rising, and rolling to and fro like the waves of the ocean after a tempest; and this grassy surface interspersed with wild flowers of every colour, hue and form.

For a long time I watched this beauteous scene, till the

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shadows of evening began to settle down upon it. While I continued still gazing upon the prairie, the old Kentuckian, who stood near, was making his observations, and at length remarked, "That prairie on fire would be a noble sight! I have seen them burning in a dark night, while the wind sprung up and bore on the flames like a sea of fire. I can tell you a good story and a true one about a burning prairie, and a family who perished by the conflagration."

We were urgent for him to proceed in the narrative. He began by giving an account of the family that perished in this conflagration, with whose history he seemed quite familiar. It was a beautiful and touching picture of real life that he drew in describing this family as they lived somewhere in the valley of Onion River, amid the sublime mountain scenery of Vermont. He represented Mr. Norton, the father, as a hardy, sensible, and pious New England farmer. The family consisted of four children; two of whom, James and Lydia, were grown up to adult age, while George, the next son, was about thirteen years old, and the youngest daughter was only eight. Mr. Norton had long toiled to accumulate a little property, but the increase had been so slow, that in a fit of discouragement he sold his little farm, and determined to emigrate to the Far West, where he learned he could purchase land at a very low price, and procure the means of subsistence with very little labour. He

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persuaded himself that by adopting this course he should be doing more justice to his children than by remaining in a country where property, and even the means of subsistence for a family, could be attained only by years of persevering toil. There was only one heart made sad by this determination, and that was the heart of his favourite and eldest daughter. Lydia Norton was a girl of excellent sense, and some personal attractions. She had interested the affections of a young man who had grown up with her from childhood. His father owned an adjoining farm. The two families were quite intimate, and many happy hours had Charles Stevenson and Lydia passed together. This proposition of emigrating to the Far West seemed to the young people a death-blow to all their long-cherished hopes, as the circumstances of the young man did not warrant his forming a marriage connexion at once. But true affection is ready to make any sacrifices to attain its object. As soon as it was a settled point that Mr. Norton was to leave, Charles Stevenson offered to accompany him in the capacity of a hired man, if he would accept his services. Mr. Norton assented, and every thing was arranged accordingly.

They were now on their way, moving in true western style. They expected to be weeks and months on their journey before they reached their distant home. The family and all the effects they bore with them, were

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carried in two stout wagons, each one of which was drawn by three yoke of oxen. Mr. Norton or his eldest son usually acted as the driver of one of these wagons, while Charles Stevenson took charge of the other. They had already been on their journey many weeks, and had penetrated so far into the western world as to find it necessary to pitch their tents each night, and seek a lodging-place wherever the shades of evening overtook them. They at length entered the prairie country, and were for a while almost spell-bound by the wide tracts of plain that stretched around them. To them the wonders of the boundless prairie appeared more amazing, because they had always been shut up by lofty mountains in a narrow dell, and had never till now looked abroad upon such amplitude and vastness of expanse.

They had now been travelling through prairie country for several days. It was late in autumn, though the weather continued as bland as summer. The day was bright and sunny; the wagons, each covered with a thick tow-cloth awning, and drawn by three yoke of oxen, were moving slowly on through the vast extended region of long grass, now sere and dry, which stretched around them like a shoreless ocean, and gently bent and waved to and fro in the autumnal breeze. No house, nor stone, nor hillock, nor solitary tree were seen within the vast circle of the encompassing horizon. As the sun declined, and the shadows began to lengthen, the tops of a small

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grove began to be visible in the distance. The emigrants immediately determined to seek a place of encampment for the night in the neighbourhood of this grove; for they naturally concluded that they should there find a spring or rivulet that would furnish water for their cattle and for their own use, and fuel for cooking their evening meal. They had been successful this day in shooting a large quantity of prairie-hens, and were anticipating a delicious repast.

Mr. Norton proposed that James and himself should go on ahead of the wagons, and get every thing ready by the time they came up. They accordingly started off, having left Charles Stevenson to drive the forward wagon in which the family rode, and George to conduct the other. Mr. Norton and James, however, had gone but a few yards before Lydia came bounding through the long sere grass, with the fleetness of a deer, bearing a tea-kettle in one hand, and three or four prairie-hens in the other. Lydia, as we have before said, was full of sprightliness and vivacity, and she had too often clambered up the steep and rough sides of the Green Mountains to think any thing of a walk of two or three miles across the prairie. Her object in accompanying her father and brother was to hasten the evening meal; and as her father made no objection, the group moved on with quickened step towards the distant woods. They had already proceeded full three miles when they came

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to a beautiful spring of cool clear water. Here they all sat down, and with grateful hearts partook largely of nature's refreshing beverage. In the mean time Mr. Norton drew his pipe from his pocket, and having filled it with the dried Indian weed, a supply of which he always carried with him, he soon ignited the same by means of his jack-knife and a flint. They were now only a short distance from the woods, and having filled a tea-kettle and a pail with water, they went forward, and began to cut up some wood and prepare for kindling a fire.

And now the sun had set, and the evening shades were gathering fast around them. Beneath the covert of a large tree a fire was burning brightly, over which was suspended the tea-kettle; and all things were ready for the arrival of the party on board of the wagons. Lydia ran out of the woods a little way into the prairie to see if she could any where discover the advancing party. She saw them about a half mile distant, moving slowly on, but she saw at hand, and near the spring, what greatly alarmed her—a smoke and flickering blaze. She ran back in great haste and said, "Father, I fear in lighting your pipe you have set the prairie on fire!"

Mr. Norton started up as though a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, and rushed forward to ascertain the truth of Lydia's remark, James and Lydia both following him. The moment they had emerged from the woods and got into the open prairie, the awful certainty burst

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upon them in a moment! What a sight then met their view! The prairie was indeed on fire. It was now quite dusky, and the little flickering blaze which Lydia had seen had already become a sea of fire! The wind drove the flames in the direction of their friends, whose escape seemed impossible.

The long dry grass, which had waved so gracefully in the wind, now caught every where like tinder, and sent up a long sheet of flame, that widened and expanded every moment, and mounted up with increasing brightness and height, as though it would reach the very skies.

The feelings of this group were excited almost to agony in behalf of their friends. The thought at length struck them, if they could only succeed in getting them through the long line of flame, they might save them, as the conflagration was evidently moving off from the place where they stood; and as the column of flame seemed to extend more to the right than to the left, they embraced the determination to make an effort to reach their friends in that direction. Reckless of consequences, wild with despair, they instantly rushed forward, and succeeded in getting in advance of the fire in one place. But they soon saw that the enemy was coming upon them with the speed and the fury of the whirlwind. Mr. Norton lifted up his voice and shouted aloud, bidding the teams to move in this direction, but no sound was returned save the awful crackling of the advancing flames. Darkness,

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too, covered the whole vast prairie, save where this sweeping column of fire spread its desolating track. They could no where discover a single trace of the wagons; and now they began to see the peril of their own situation. Already were they completely environed with the fire, and all retreat seemed cut off. The only hope left them was to endeavour to rush through the flames and get to the windward side of the conflagration. Mr. Norton and James made their way for a while successfully through this awful tempest of flame, the daring Lydia keeping close at their heels. At length a point was gained which seemed to open the prospect of escape; not a moment was to be lost, for already the fire raged around them like a furnace. Mr. Norton, drawing in his breath, dashed through this awful line of flame, and reached a spot where the consuming element ceased to rage, it having already swept away every vestige of combustible matter. Though scorched and smarting in every limb, he could not but feel grateful to God for this deliverance. He instantly turned to see what had become of his children. At this instant he saw one bright, lurid sheet of fire mounting up like a vast wave of the ocean, and completely overwhelming them! He rushed back to assist them, but the flame, like a furnace seven times heated, rolled its intense fiery surge back upon him in such a manner that he was obliged to retreat. At this moment he heard Lydia shriek—her dress was all on fire,

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and her brother was trying to bear her through the raging tempest. When it had in some slight degree abated, again the father rushed forward—but another gust of wind swept such a torrent of fire over the bodies of his children that it was impossible for him to reach the spot where they were. When the burning waves had passed by, he strained his eyes, but in vain, to catch a glimpse of these objects of his affection. They were not visible. At length, as the fire marched on, he reached the spot where he had seen his children struggling with this awful element, and there he found them both lying on the ground—their clothes nearly burnt off, and their bodies half consumed by the devouring flame! His poor daughter was gasping in death, and his son so dreadfully burned that he could scarcely move a limb. The fire was still burning the roots of the grass around and beneath them. A little distance, however, there was a spot where the consuming element had exhausted itself; to this place he endeavoured to remove his children. Poor Lydia almost expired in his arms. As he laid her down on this black and scathed spot of earth, she faintly said, "Christ is my hope! Jesus can make this resting-place 'soft as downy pillows are!'" The father hastened to remove his son to the same spot. He there laid him with his face turned towards his sister. He soon saw that she was dead, and said to his father, "This is a sad night for us; Lydia is gone, and I think I shall soon follow."

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"This is an hour," replied his father, "in which all we can do is to look to God. He has said 'when thou passest through the fire I will be with thee.'"

"Will you pray with me, dear father?"

"I will," said the agonized father; and kneeling down on the blackened earth, while bending over one child already dead, and another almost ready to expire, he cried unto God for help and mercy. When he arose from his knees he perceived that James's breathing was more rapid and embarrassed than it had been before. A dreadful fever was burning through his veins.

"I shall soon be," said the dying son, "where the flame can no longer kindle upon me; and I shall be able to bathe in the cool, refreshing stream that flows from the throne of God and the Lamb."

"God grant," said the father, "that an entrance may be ministered unto thee abundantly into his everlasting kingdom." "Amen," responded James, and died. The chill of death had suddenly come over him, and his spirit fled to the presence of his Maker and Judge.

The father sat for a long time on the ground gazing upon his dead children. The curtain of darkness was drawn over the scene—but here and there dissipated by the dying and reviving embers, and flickering flame that still lingered on almost every spot over which the awful conflagration had swept. An unsteady, lurid light, just sufficient to reveal the wide-spread scene of desolation,

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was thus flung over the dark and blackened waste where the consuming element had a few hours before rode on in his resplendent car. At the distance of a few miles, and as far to the right and left as the eye could reach, rose one vast extended column of flame, mounting up to heaven amid the darkness of midnight, and marching on with the speed, and fierceness, and fury of the whirlwind. It was an awful and sublime sight! Here the father sat by the side of his lifeless and unbreathing children; the stillness of solitude was around him;—and there, bursting up from amid thick darkness, was this tremendous conflagration, which seemed so bright, and fierce, and awful, that one could hardly refrain from thinking it would burn up the world and melt the elements with its fervent heat.

But I ought before this to have told the reader the account the Kentuckian gave of the fate of those who were connected with the advancing wagons. They had seen the smoke of the fire that was to cook their evening meal curling above the trees, and directed their course to that point as the spot where they should meet their friends. They were not at all aware of the coming of this awful conflagration, or of the approach of danger, till they saw the whole prairie directly before them lit up with one extended sheet of flame. No one can depict the terror, the anguish, the horror of that moment! No one can depict the sublimity and grandeur of the scene that at

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that moment burst upon their view! But fear and wild distraction took complete possession of the whole company. The very cattle that drew the wagons seemed to sympathize with them, and to discover at once that their fate was sealed.

We have already remarked that the fire extended more rapidly in one lateral direction than the other. This Charles Stevenson observed, and immediately sought to take advantage of it, and if possible get to the windward of the fire. But long before they reached the line of the flame, the fire had extended miles in this very direction. It was too late—there was no escape—the fire was every moment approaching them. Mrs. Norton clasped her young daughter to her bosom and sat still in the wagon. The oxen, as the flames advanced, became perfectly unmanageable. They rushed forward with the fury of wild and maddened beasts into the thickest of the flames. The one team took one direction, and the other, another, but both of them continued to move on through the hottest column of flame, till at length the cattle one after another fell down in the yoke, suffocated by the flame, and bellowing as though in the agonies of death. Long before the last ox had fallen, and the wagon had ceased to move, Mrs. Norton, with her youngest child clasped to her bosom, had given up the ghost. The tow awning which covered the wagon in which she rode, took fire almost as soon as they met the line of flame,

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and instantly all the combustible materials in the vehicle were in flames. Escape seemed impossible, for already the oxen were moving with the speed of the wind through the thickest of the flames, and Mrs. Norton, clasping her child to her bosom, yielded to her fate, committing all to God. Poor George, not able to keep pace with the team he drove, as he saw the flame marching on, sought by running to escape from the face of the devouring element, but the attempt was vain. The whirlwind of fire soon overtook him, and like a resistless sea, rolled its burning waves over him. When Charles Stevenson saw the team he drove could no longer be controlled, and that in order to follow them he must encounter certain death, he left them to take their own course, and sought to rush through the line of flame—which had now become so expanded, that long before he passed the fiery column, the flesh was almost burned from his bones, and he at length fell down upon the burning earth, unable to move a step farther. The fire still moved on with awful, unabated fury over the wide and far-extended prairie. No one that looked upon that awful sight could have failed to have exclaimed, "What a time it will be for the ungodly when this whole world shall be on fire!"

When the morning came, a most melancholy spectacle was presented to view over that blackened plain. One solitary living form alone, was seen slowly moving

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amid the scene of desolation—and that was Mr. Norton. He found Charles Stevenson just in the last agonies of death, from whom, however, he learned the particulars above stated. This young man soon expired; and Mr. Norton, alone, of all that emigrant train, was left to tell the sad story of THE BURNING PRAIRIE.

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IDOL WORSHIP.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."—EXOD. xx. 3.

NONE other Gods but thee—O! Lord,
How blest the task appears,
To pour the wonders of thy word
In listening heathen ears;
Their cherished idols to remove,
Their souls from clouds to free,
And bid them worship, serve, and love,
None other Gods but thee.

Yet while thy glories we reveal
To many a pagan land,
Do we, thy chosen people, feel
The force of thy command?
Oh! do we to thy name divine,
As to a refuge flee,
And do our inmost souls enshrine
None other Gods but thee?

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Oft wealth our dazzled sight betrays,
Ambition's power beguiles,
And pleasure to her specious ways
Courts us with flattering smiles;
Fame waves on high her laurel crown,
We bend the votive knee;
Lord, can we then be said to own
None other Gods but thee?

And even in our social ties,
Around the quiet hearth,
Too tenderly perchance we prize
Some dear one of the earth;
Our love, to heavenly objects weak,
Chained to our homes may be,
Although our lips profess to seek
None other Gods but thee.

Lord, while we lead the heathen still
In thy pure laws to live,
Grant that we better may fulfil
The precepts that we give;
On us thy Holy Spirit pour,
From idols set us free,
And may our hearts henceforth adore
None other Gods but thee!

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INFANTICIDE IN INDIA.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

THERE cannot be any subject more interesting to a contemplative and philanthropic mind than the recent indications of the decline of some of the most dreadful superstitions which have ever debased the human race. Though the symptoms of the approaching fall of paganism in India may be few and faint, little doubt can exist upon the minds of those persons who have lately visited that interesting portion of the Eastern world, that the unceasing labours of zealous Christians, aided by the spread of intellectual acquirements, will, in a comparatively short period, overthrow this monstrous system of religious error, which has so long and so fatally enthralled the minds of the followers of Brahma.

Hitherto the unceasing efforts of Missionaries, who have struggled against the most formidable difficulties, only to meet with the bitterest disappointment, have appeared to be nearly wholly unsuccessful; but though the fruits of their exertions seem to be scanty, and of

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little account, their efforts have not been made in vain, and we may justly attribute the falling off of religious enthusiasm to the new ideas engendered by the dissemination of the Scriptures through Hindostan. It is impossible not to experience the deepest and most heartfelt regret, at the moral and religious condition of a people who are so vividly impressed with a feeling of veneration, that they could not exist without a god. The same strong reverence for the Creator of all good, and the Dispenser of every blessing, which leads them to prostrate themselves before stocks and stones, representations of the attributes of the Deity, would, if properly directed, render them far more zealous in the discharge of their duties than the less imaginative natives of colder climes, whom it is so difficult to warm, even though the light of truth beams upon them with its brightest ray.

It would not be possible, in the limits prescribed to the present volume, to give the slightest sketch of the fearful horrors which have sprung from a religion which sanctions every crime, and we must therefore confine ourselves to a few observations upon a barbarous practice, which prevails to an unlimited extent,—that of infanticide. Women ought to be the strongest and most zealous supporters of Christianity, for they owe every blessing they possess to those divine precepts of the Gospel which make no distinction of sex, and which inculcate the support and protection of the weak against the strong.

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Amongst Hindoos, females are of no account, and any pretext is sufficient to occasion the destruction of infants who, coming in the shape of daughters, promise to entail expense and vexation upon their parents. The difficulty of procuring fitting marriages for the daughters of men of rank, and the large sums which it is considered to be essential to spend at weddings in India, are among the chief causes of the commission of a crime which is justified upon the score of expedience. Human life, especially that of females, is nothing when compared to family honours: and though parental affection may be very strong towards those daughters who have been permitted to grow up to a marriageable age, there is little hesitation in any sacrifice which a mistaken sense of dignity seems to demand. When it was found impossible, from political reasons, to fulfil the bridal contract of the princess Kishen Kowen, (a princess of one of the Rajpoot states), the most beautiful, amiable, and accomplished woman of her day, her death alone would satisfy the jealous feelings of her relatives, impatient of the disgrace of having an unmarried daughter in their house. Obedient to their commands, she swallowed poison; but the effect not being speedy enough, an uncle rushed into her chamber, and strangled her with his own hands. Many tribes of Rajpoots prevent the occurrence of such tragedies, by destroying female infants at their birth; and the ease with which this crime is committed, and the

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strong motives of parents to rid themselves of worse than useless offspring, render it impossible to say to how great an extent the practice is carried by people who do not attach any sin to the action. The British authorities have endeavoured to put a stop to this dreadful custom, but their efforts have only been partially successful; and it will not be possible wholly to prevent it, until a change shall take place in the moral feelings of the people, and they can be taught to comprehend the heinous nature of the offence, and its dreadful enormity in the sight of God.

Even in Bengal, which has for so many years been subjected to British control, infanticide is practised to a shocking extent. An opinion prevalent amongst all ignorant people, is sometimes the cause of the exposure of an unhappy babe, supposed to be under the influence of an evil spirit: we have heard of cruel experiments tried upon changelings, in former times, amongst superstitious people in Europe; and in India, to this day, a child imagined to be possessed by some malignant demon, is hung up on the boughs of a tree in a basket, to take its chance of surviving the attacks of armies of insects, and of rapacious birds. Should the helpless creature struggle with its misery during three days, the mother will receive it again; but this can seldom happen under the frightful circumstances of its situation; and we should look upon the parents who could abandon their offspring to the chances of so cruel a fate, as little

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less than fiends, were it not for our consideration of the causes which lead to this barbarous and unnatural conduct. Although the Hindoo shastras not only do not countenance infanticide, but denounce it as a crime of the greatest magnitude, there is nothing in the religion which tends to soften and ennoble the heart; and the opinions of a spiritual adviser are always sufficient to induce the commission of the most atrocious acts. Under better guidance, the Hindoo character would be one of the most amiable in the world, since, in spite of the general demoralization produced by the worst species of fatalism, and the worship of deities supposed to delight in scenes of blood and horror, in no place do we find more faithful servants, or more humane, kind, and gentle dispositions. The strange anomalies produced every day—the union of the most appalling vices with virtues of no common order—are wholly attributable to the fallacies of a religion the most dreadful which man has ever invented. In his worst acts, the follower of Brahma believes that he is propitiating the deity, in one of the numerous forms under which the sovereign power is worshipped in India. Paying homage to a plurality of attributes, though not to a plurality of gods, (for some of the least enlightened will declare that there can be only one God,) every act of violence is supposed to be acceptable to the destructive power—and hence the fearful waste of human life, having

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its origin in a supposed duty, and degenerating into a selfish principle, which surrenders the weak, the helpless, and the useless to a cruel doom. The most sublime notion of the omnipotence of the Supreme Ruler of all things, is perverted by these deluded people, who leave their fellow-creatures to perish, under the conviction that God will preserve them if it be his pleasure, and that it is useless to contend against the power of the Almighty. "It is the will of God," is a phrase in common use amongst all classes of Hindoos; and every incident of life, whether trifling or important, is supposed to emanate from a direct decree of Heaven. The infant exposed in a basket, during its fearful ordeal is believed to be committed to the all-sufficient care of an unerring Providence; and, impressed with this idea, excepting when under the influence of the strong excitement produced by the frightful orgies with which the festivals in honour of the destructive power are celebrated, the most heartless apathy prevails amongst the people at the sight of human suffering. They rejoice when the Moloch of their imaginations is appeased, and satiated with blood; and all the kindlier feelings of their nature are deadened by the belief that it would be vain to struggle against an immutable destiny. They, however, show that they are not destitute of the natural impulses of humanity, for, if there seems to be any relenting on the part of the deity,

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they take advantage of it, and will adopt those infants who survive the trial to which they have been subjected.

Mr. Ward relates, in his "Hindoo Mythology," that the late Mr. Thomas, a missionary, once saved, and restored to its mother, an infant which had fallen out of a basket, at Bholahatū, near Malda, at the moment a shackal was running away with it. As this gentleman and Mr. Carey were afterwards passing under the same tree, they found a basket hanging in the branches, containing the skeleton of another infant, which had been devoured by ants.

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REFLECTIONS,

OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A LAMENTED FRIEND, IN THE TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

I saw the sun at early dawn
Illume the eastern sky;
And, as he travelled on his way,
Night's dusky shadows fled away,
And all was cheerful, bright, and gay,
And splendid majesty!

But, ere he gained the height of noon,
Thick clouds had gathered round,
Creation's charms began to fade—
The landscape, erst in smiles arrayed,
Was lost amid the lengthened shade—
A dreariness profound!

I marked a lovely blushing rose—
The fairest of its race!

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'Twas firm in stem, and on its head
The sparkling dew-drops seemed to shed
A sweeter scent—a deeper red—
And more enchanting grace.

Its beauties fixed me to the spot—
But fleeting was my joy!
Concealed within its crimson dyes
A cruel foe in ambush lies—
He claims the blooming sacrifice,
And triumphs, to destroy!

So flourished ONE—I name him not:
His memory shall endure!
With form engaging were combined
Endowments of a nobler kind—
Truth, honour, constancy of mind—
Love, permanent and pure.

His moral worth I cease to praise—
Such eulogy were vain!
Dear favoured youth, enough for thee
With JESUS thou wilt ever be—
And, should his image shine to me,
We soon shall meet again!

Hark! from his tomb a message comes
Let mortals lend an ear!

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"O ye! who sport in health, beware!
My *sudden* fall ye soon may share:
Arise*—the JUDGE is nigh—prepare
Before him to appear!"

Forbear the *righteous* to deplore—
They enter into rest!†
Released from care, and sin, and wo,
To everlasting bliss they go,
And learn, what they might doubt below,
To die—is to be blest!

* Isa. lv. 6, 7. † Heb. iv. 9.

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VESPER.

BY REYNELL COATES, M. D.

Gently the sun has gone down to his rest,
And gently the night-star illumines the west;
While here, on the verge of the dark-rolling sea,
I tune, Holy Father, my vesper to thee.

Grant me, oh God, at my evening close,
That peacefully thus I may sink to repose!
Oh, let not death come amid terror and storm,
While passion's wild billows life's ocean deform.

Glorious and bright was the path o'er the brine,
That led to thy throne at the daylight's decline;
Oh, thus may thy grace, on the pathway to heaven,
Shine forth when thou takest the life thou hast given.

Grant, then, I pray thee, the sole boon I crave,—
The night-star of Hope to illumine my grave,
While here, on the verge of the dark-rolling sea,
I tune, Holy Father, my vesper to thee!

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CONSOLATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY WILLIAM G. GODDARD.

CHRISTIANITY is evidently a restorative dispensation. Contemplating man as estranged from holiness and happiness, it offers to his acceptance the means of moral renovation, and the joys of everlasting life. This is the grand central truth in that system of truths which the Bible has revealed. In adoration of its sublime efficacy, the penitents upon earth pour forth their voices of thanksgiving, and the unfallen spirits in heaven touch their golden harps to songs of unending praise. It is, however, not alone for this distinctive characteristic of Christianity, that the tribute of devout acknowledgment may be challenged. Sorrow, as well as sin, being the inheritance of our race, we need not only to be purified, but to be consoled. Dark and agitated indeed would be our passage from the cradle to the grave, if Christianity had not unsealed a fountain of eternal illumination and repose; if, over our heritage of wo, it had not shed the light of its peaceful hopes, and invited afflicted man to look for comfort to its never-failing consolations. It is not only

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amid the overwhelming calamities of life that these consolations are needed, or that their power to soothe and to sustain comes to be experienced. Under circumstances of less aggravated trial, they are endowed with an unobtrusive but triumphant energy. Amid mystery and change—in seasons of doubt, and loneliness, and depression, the worn spirit flees to the consolations of the Gospel, as the oriental traveller fleeth to "the shadows of a great rock in a weary land." This latter view of the subject it may not be unprofitable very briefly to illustrate.

Notwithstanding all the discoveries of science, and all the revelations of the Bible, how wide is the dominion of mystery throughout the universe of matter and of mind! The maxim of the schoolmen—*omnia exeunt in mysterium*—will not be disputed by any one who is acquainted with the physical and moral economies which God has established. However minute and exact may be the observations of modern science—however expansive her generalizations—and however splendid her achievements, she is often compelled to the humbling confession that she can advance no farther; and that in a multitude of cases, nought remains to her but the duty of patient thought, or diffident conjecture, or mute admiration. In the constitution of the moral world, the element of mystery is also to be found. Minds of a peculiar organization, it is to be feared, are sometimes betrayed into sadness, and doubt, and despair, by a partial contemplation

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of what is mysterious in the structure and arrangements of the material world; or in that moral government which God in his wisdom has established. They seem to forget that mystery is relative only to the faculties of *created* beings; that it is perhaps necessary to the purposes of our moral probation; and that, however it may shroud the throne of the Eternal, it never obscures the path of duty. Such minds are perplexed, nay, sometimes appalled, by the varied forms of physical suffering, and by the fearful exhibitions of moral evil, which abound in this our world. In anguish of spirit they are tempted almost to believe that the Creator has forgotten to be gracious, and that, in righteous indignation, he hath surrendered up this revolted province of his empire to the awards of a cruel and inexorable destiny. Now, to all such thoughtful and perplexed observers of the constitution of things, Christianity is fitted to impart the most grateful consolations. It does not pretend to solve every moral problem, nor, by irresistible evidence, to dispel every painful doubt. Leaving unexplained many mysteries, to exercise our faith, and to humble our pride, it furnishes such touching proofs of the wisdom and the love of God—it renders so intelligible the relations which we sustain to him—and it offers so freely to all the means of restoration to his forfeited favour, that it is our perverse choice if we dwell in the regions of darkness, and doubt, and agitation.

In the season of youth and of health, before the elastic

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spirit has lost its light bound, how little do we dream of the melancholy changes which, in the progress of life, are destined to befall us. Strangers to sorrow, and buoyant with hope, we practically discredit the testimony of all human experience; we virtually refuse to believe that the days of darkness will soon come over us. With eager step we pursue the business or the pageantry of life; we are fascinated by varied amusements; we delight ourselves in the brilliant creations of genius; we revel amid fantastic hopes of superabundant wealth; we look, with longing eyes, upon anticipated honours. But suddenly these beautiful apparitions vanish away. Sickness impresses upon us its monitory lessons; death bereaves our domestic circle of its selectest ornament; or calamity, in some other form, blights all the promises of our being. Then do we ask ourselves, "What has become of all those vernal fancies which once had so much power to touch the heart?"* We feel that we have for ever parted with our gorgeous illusions, and that we are summoned to an intercourse with stern realities. We look abroad upon our contemporaries, and we look outwardly and inwardly upon ourselves, and we mark in sadness of spirit the changes which time has wrought in both. Upon the once clear brow we detect the shade of pensive melancholy, or the furrows perchance of some deep and nameless sorrow. From lips once attuned only to the

* John Foster.

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expression of the lighter thoughts, we now catch the accents of chastised affection, or the lessons of grave experience. These changes which we thus note as having passed upon others, we are admonished have likewise passed upon ourselves. And this is not all. Time never intermits his work. Year after year robs these bodies of some portion of their beauty or energy, and takes from these spirits some sensible evidence of their undying power. It is impossible to contemplate these changes without emotion. They touch us so nearly, and they speak to us so eloquently of that other and final change which awaits us, that, while we ponder them, we confess how inadequate is all human philosophy to teach us the duty of submission. Amid these affecting memorials of decay—these mute prophecies of our end,—we need to be comforted by hopes and promises which take hold upon immortality. Christianity offers to us the sublimest solace. It assures us that the changeful and troubled aspects of human life are designed for our everlasting good; and that this season of trial, so necessary for the discipline of moral character, will prepare every sincere follower of Jesus Christ for the rest and the happiness of heaven.

In closing this imperfect essay, I may be allowed to advert to the consolation which Christianity imparts to those who instinctively seek much of their happiness in the loftiest regions of intellectual and spiritual contem-

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plation. It is the destiny—in some sort, the sad destiny —of minds of this high order, to live somewhat remote from the sympathies of the beings around them. They are accustomed to dwell, with consecrated enthusiasm, upon the varied forms of material and moral beauty; to study, in the spirit of a devout philosophy, the sublime relations which the truths of Christianity sustain towards individual and social man; to look upon this earth with the eye of a pilgrim and a stranger, and towards heaven with somewhat of yearning for its purity and its repose. Although they may walk, with unfaltering step, the round of common occupation, and delight to recognise, in the humblest man living, the moral image of Christ, yet so elevated are their intellectual tastes, so enlarged their spiritual apprehensions, and so triumphant their faith, that they find imperfect communion even among the multitudes of the pious who surround them. To all who, in the midst of society, are thus lonely, Christianity administers abundant consolations. It familiarizes to their minds means of activity and enjoyment, which the many are either unable to seek, or are prone to neglect; it utters a response to their deeper sympathies; it invites them to a yet deeper study of the economy of nature and of grace, and to yet nobler contemplations of duty and of truth.

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THE CHRISTIAN CITIZEN.

BY THE REV. W. L. NICHOLS, A.M.

"——— Fumum et opes strepitumque."—HORAT.

LIKE monk, or eremite, or holy maid,
Within the cloister's consecrated shade,
Slow-pacing some old minster's long-drawn aisle,
Entranced in mystic dream, and soothed the while
By the hushed murmur of the city's din,
Which faintly sounds the hallowed walls within;—
So walks the CHRISTIAN, mid the stirring crowd
Of ever-busy worldlings, fierce and loud.
He walks apart, amongst the eager press
That swells the city's crowded loneliness;
And carries with him, through its madd'ning din,
A holy quietude and peace within.
The strife of angry tongues,—the converse rude,—
That sound amid his peopled solitude,
Scarce heeded, fall upon his satiate ear,
Like distant bells heard fitful o'er the mere;

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And while, perchance, his giddy comrades hold
Him harsh and joyless, and his spirit cold,
High thoughts are his, that are not of the earth,
And lonely musings that in heaven have birth:
Yet ever prompt where *duty* leads the way,
He plies his customed toil from day to day.
No listless dreamer he, to self resigned—
From love to God he learns to love mankind:
But heavenward still—his wishes heavenward soar—
A waste behind—eternity before!
And he a freshness in his spirit hath,
That scatters gladness o'er each dusky path;
While seem, amid the crowded mart, to rise
The ever-living groves of Paradise;
And angel-voices to his rapt soul speak,
And gales from Eden fan his languid cheek:
Earth fades in Heaven's own light—Earth's prospects die,
And all his spirit feels THE PRESENT DEITY.

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THE MEETING.

BY J. S. H.

With loudest notes in gladsome lay
The birds salute the dawn of day,
And quite forget the dreary night
When once appears the morning light.
In foreign lands, from friends and home,
The exile long compelled to roam,
If aye again his feet may stand
Securely in his native land,
And every scene to memory dear
Salute again his eye and ear,
O'erjoyed forgets his troubles past,
And says, my bliss is come at last.
Within the gratings of his cell
The prisoned wretch condemned to dwell,
When comes the long-delayed reprieve,
That breaks his chains and bids him live,
Transported treads the haunts of men,
And hails the glorious light again.
Transported see the sailor, too,
When lies the promised port in view.

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But sailor long by tempest riven,
Nor exile from his country driven,
Nor prisoned wretch, nor wakened bird,
When comes the hour so long deferred,
Feels half the bliss I now enjoy
To see again my darling boy,
And fold thee *here*, my gentle wife,
My wish, my wealth, my joy, my life!

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THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA.

This massive and splendid pile of architecture, in its original glory inferior only to the mosque at Mecca, was erected by the Kaliph Abderrahman in the year 786, and finished by his son Hishom about 800: succeeding sovereigns, however, added to its magnitude and splendour; so that the whole edifice was the work of eight monarchs of the house of Ummaiya. There is not, perhaps, upon the face of the habitable globe, any single scene so calculated to impress the mind of the spectator with a variety of distinct and powerful emotions, as that which the skilful and intelligent artist has here presented to our view. Whether we regard the city of Cordova as the ancient seat of learning, the birthplace of the two Senecas and the poet Lucan, or contemplate the heathen, Christian, and barbaric vestiges of former greatness which it still retains, the mind is led onward in the history of men and nations, from one to another of those great landmarks, which the river of time has left unmoved by its perpetual ebb and flow.

Stretching far and wide beyond the outline of the

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mosque, we behold a chain of rugged mountains, the beginning of the Sierra Morena, standing in their solemn majesty, like the veteran guardians of the land, yet vainly asserting their determination to repel the steps of the invader; while, nearer, and answering as it were in the same voice of nature, and asserting the same inalienable rights, sweeps the noble Guadalquiver beneath the shadow of the Moorish walls, grasped, as it were, by the massive arches of a Moorish bridge, itself erected upon a Roman foundation. At one end of this bridge stands a Moorish tower, called Castella de la Kalahorra, and immediately facing the other end are the noble remains of a Roman gateway, with other specimens of Roman architecture, now partially swept away, or undermined by the encroachments of the river. The columns of the gateway are now Tuscan, having been repaired, it is supposed, by Philip the Second, but it is the opinion of the artist that they were originally Corinthian, which, if we may judge by the number of specimens still existing, was the favourite order of the Cordovans.

In contemplating this feature of the picture, the mind reverts to that period, so important in the history of Spain, when the Roman armies left their imperishable footprints wherever ambition, glory, or the thirst of conquest, led them on; and even here, where the gloom and the terror of the dark ages reigned so long, remain

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vestiges of classic taste, impaired, it is true, by the lapse of time, and marred by the violence of man, but still presenting to the beholder the elements of that ideal beauty, of which the material is but an image and a type.

To the left of the Roman gateway, and rising from a stone platform, is a pedestal surmounted by a statue of the Archangel Raphael, the guardian angel of the city: and in pursuing our inquiries from the Roman remains to this striking object, we pass over the most important features of the stately pile, and leave its Moorish history where these anomalies of Christian origin break in upon the barbaric splendour of the scene. It is said that a certain devout archbishop, who held the See of Cordova many years ago, dreamed that the Angel Raphael appeared to him, and declared himself guardian of the city, and that the prelate commemorated his dream by the erection of this handsome monument. Whether the same impression of religious duty gave rise to the design of erecting a gothic cathedral in the centre of the mosque, it might now be difficult to ascertain; but certainly there needs some powerful plea, to reconcile so glaring a breach of taste; for though beautiful in itself, the cathedral is here wholly out of place. It is probable that with the genius of this design originated the idea of blocking up the arches formerly opening upon the Court of the Fountains, which gives to the whole a gloomy

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and forbidding air. To the same era also belong associations of a far more repulsive and melancholy character.

Beyond the mosque, and stretching to the left, is a pile of building formerly called the Alcazor, but more fearfully known to modern times as the dungeon of the Inquisition. And are these, we ask, the records which that era has stamped upon the page of history? Are the groans that have echoed within these walls, and the tears and the blood that have stained these floors, to tell to future ages how the Christian was distinguished from the followers of the false prophet of Mecca? how those who had heard and read of the coming of the Prince of Peace, tred in the footsteps of the savage Goth, and refined upon his ignorant cruelties? how ears once awakened to the tidings of salvation, grew deaf to the cry of anguish and despair? and how eyes once opened to the book of life, could close upon the lines of mercy with which its pages are inscribed; until the Christians' cry of triumph became more dissonant than the clang of the Roman arms, and their instruments of torture more powerful and destructive than the engines of heathen war?

The external appearance of the mosque, when compared with the richness of its internal decorations, is extremely plain, relieved only by small projecting towers or buttresses, with occasional galleries or windows con-

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taining elaborate arabesque decorations, and the whole surmounted by an open parapet peculiar to Moorish buildings. The length is six hundred and twenty feet; its breadth four hundred and forty; and the whole is supported by six hundred and thirty-two polished marble pillars, taken by the Arabs from different Roman edifices, and totally independent of those of the cathedral. Many of these columns are supposed to have belonged to a Roman temple dedicated to Janus, upon the site of which the mosque was erected; the remaining number having been brought from ancient Carthage. Some of these are surmounted by Roman capitals, principally of the Corinthian order, but more are of Moorish workmanship, approaching very near to the Corinthian.

The most beautiful, if not the most perfect specimen of Moorish architecture now in existence, is that of the chapel of Mohammed, or sanctuary of the Koran, which is stated by the late Mr. Inglis to have been accidentally laid open by the removal of some brick-work in the year 1815. The Arabic inscriptions of passages from the Koran, the colours in which they are inscribed, together with the gilding, are as vivid as if the whole were the work of yesterday. It is described by Murphy as closely resembling the fine specimens of Arabian architecture to be seen in Egypt; and from its differing in style from the rest of the Moorish architecture, he supposes that it

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was executed in imitation of the palaces of Damascus and Bagdad. It is undoubtedly the finest example, in the entire edifice, of the first of the three periods into which the Arabian architecture is divided. The gate is of white marble, delicately sculptured, and ornamented with numerous columns of precious marble. The arch itself is mosaic, with a blue ground. The decorations are superbly gilt, and its interaltos are gold, red, blue, and green mosaic, of singular beauty. When illuminated, and more especially on the last two nights of the Ramadan, by the massive silver chandelier which hung from its centre, the gorgeous beauty of the Zancarron must have surpassed any thing that we can possibly conceive of splendour and magnificence.

The roof of the dark inner sanctuary is said to be of one block of marble, eighteen feet wide. If so, it is not less curious for its size and quality, than for the ingenuity of the artist in placing it in so perfect an equilibrium, as to remain unshaken for so many ages. The manner of casting these arches, grouping the columns, and designing the foliages of the screen, and of the throne of Almanasor, which is an exact repetition of the screen, is very heavy, intricate, and barbarous, unlike all the Moorish architecture at Granada, being many centuries more ancient than any ornamental work of that place. Behind this chapel, and on each side of it, were the lodgings of the Dervishes, which now serve for

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chapter-house, sacristy, and treasury. It is said that among the Moors this church was known by the name of Ceca, and it was held in so high veneration, that pilgrims from all parts of Spain and Barbary came to visit it.

It is probable that, in addition to the magnitude of the edifice, the imposing appearance of its internal embellishments, and the purposes to which it was consecrated, the Mosque of Cordova owed much of its importance, in the minds of the Moslems, to the romantic life and bold exploits of the prince whose name it bears. It is stated in a recent and interesting account of the adventures of Abderrahman, that during the time when Spain was desolated by civil dissensions, he was assailed by treachery, and compelled to seek safety with the wandering Arabs, amongst whom he led the life of a herdsman; while, submitting patiently to privations, he surprised the Arabs themselves by the boldness and intrepidity with which he joined in all their hazardous pursuits. It might be supposed that the solitudes of the desert would have shielded him from his enemies; but he soon had reason to fear that the influence which tracks the footsteps of the unfortunate could reach him even here; and again he set forth upon his sandy route into the African province of Barca. Here ingratitude as well as treachery awaited him in the person of Aben-Habib, who had been chiefly indebted to the family of the prince for his own

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elevation. The life of Abderrahman had been publicly denounced, and the sovereign at whose court he had found a temporary shelter, was but too ready to take advantage of the recognition afforded by his striking form and features. Again the persecuted prince sought the haunts of the hospitable Bedouins, and again he displayed that astonishing firmness and bravery which had rendered him so great a favourite among the free wanderers of the wilderness; yet to this home his steps were tracked, and his person demanded by his implacable foes. But the faithful Arabs, apprehending some unknown danger to their beloved guest, replied, that the young Syrian, of whom the messengers were in quest, was absent hunting wild beasts, and would pass the night under some neighbouring rocks.

Thus the life of Abderrahman was once more preserved; and while he poured forth expressions of the warmest gratitude to his benefactors, they, zealous for his safety, appointed six of the noblest-hearted youths of their tribe to conduct him in safety farther across the desert. Under their protection he arrived at Tahart, the capital of Algarbe; and then, for the first time since he was driven from his pastoral home, did the young prince repose in safety. His mother having sprung from the most honourable family in the land, he no sooner declared his real name, and related the misfor-

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tunes he had endured, than the people and their chiefs overwhelmed him with acclamations of joy at his arrival.

In the mean time, by one of those mysterious combinations of events, which sometimes in an instant frustrate the calculations of ambition, and change the fate of nations, an assembly of eighty-four Moorish chiefs met in secret at Cordova, and unanimously agreed to call the young prince to be their head and leader, in the hope of re-establishing the Moorish power: two of these chiefs were accordingly despatched to Tahart, and had the satisfaction of hearing from their future sovereign the most ardent expressions of love to Spain, and to the Arab children who had grown up on its soil. The Zenates, his mother's people, rejoicing even more in the prospect of distinction thus opened to their prince, provided him with an escort of seven hundred and fifty horsemen, and sent him to win a throne for himself, and glory for his family.

At the moment when Abderrahman arrived on the shores of Spain, Youseef, a conqueror and usurper, who had deluged the country with blood, had begun his march towards Cordova, where his approach was awaited with terror and indignation; and the two warriors, the prince with his little band of faithful followers, and the usurper with a conquering army of four times the number, threatened to reach the city at the same time. After several preparatory skirmishes, they joined

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battle in the open plain, where, it is said, Youseef looking scornfully upon the little army of the prince, repeated the following lines of an old poet.

Our thousands thirst with a burning thirst,
And rivers of blood we need;
How shall we quench this burning thirst?
Oh! where are the hosts to bleed?

Before night, however, the city of Cordova had opened its gates to receive the victorious prince, and the few who remained of the army of the usurper lay in breathless silence on the plain.

Nor was it to his dauntless fortitude, his valour, or his nobility of soul alone, that Abderrahman owed his celebrity; but also to the natural tenderness and simplicity by which his character was distinguished. It is said that he planted with his own hands a palm-tree in the gardens of his palace, and that this palm was the parent of the spreading groves, which afterwards gave to the neighbourhood of Cordova its Oriental magnificence of shade. From the cares of state, and the splendour of his throne, he was wont to retire, for the few brief moments he could call his own, to contemplate the beauty of his favourite tree, and to weep over the scenes of his childhood, of which nothing else in his court or his kingdom could so forcibly remind him.

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"FEAR NOT."

BY T. AVELING.

WHENE'ER the clouds of sorrow roll,
And trials whelm the mind,
When, faint with grief, thy wearied soul
No joys on earth can find;—
Then lift thy voice to God on high,
Dry up the trembling tear,
And hush the low complaining sigh;
"Fear not," thy God is near.

When dark temptations spread their snares,
And earth with charms allures,
And when thy soul, oppressed with fears,
The world's assault endures;—
Then let thy Father's friendly voice
Thy fainting spirit cheer,
And bid thy trembling heart rejoice;
"Fear not," thy God is near.

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And when the last, last hour shall come
That calls thee to thy rest,
To dwell within thy heavenly home,
A welcome, joyful guest;—
Be calm—though Jordan's waves may roll,
No ills shall meet thee there;
Angels shall whisper to thy soul,
"Fear not," thy God is near.

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A MEMORIAL.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

He is not dead, whose pictured form
Hangs o'er your parlour fire,
Preserving, in affections warm,
The husband and the sire.

He is not dead, whose memory lives
In hearts that prized its worth;
And there a mournful pleasure gives,
More sweet, more pure than mirth.

He lives a life more glorious far
Than earth could e'er bestow;
A life which sickness cannot mar,
Nor care nor sorrow know.

Here—patient Faith, his spirit's stay,
His* darkened path he trod;

* The subject of these verses passed many of the latter years of life in blindness.

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There—in the light of sunless day,
His soul beholds his God.

Oh! let not, then, a tear or sigh
Lament his quiet rest,
Who, putting off mortality,
Eternally is blest.

For sighs are hushed, and tears are dried,
Beside the Christian's tomb;
Since He, the CROWNED, and CRUCIFIED,
To glory changed its gloom!

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SUNSET.

BY E. R. W.

How gracefully those snow-white clouds, reposing
In the soft depths of this blue autumn sky,
About the setting sun are slowly closing,
To catch its golden gleaming ere it die.

The rosy light upon their bosom's blushing,
With each soft fold of fleecy vapours blent,
Like the warm glow, a virgin bosom flushing,
At some o'erwarm or sudden compliment.

And not a sound on all the earth is breaking
On the bright stillness of the lucid air,
As though, o'erwearied and its toils forsaking,
The heart of Nature paused in silent prayer.

Nicetown, Pa., 1846.

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THE REPROOF.

The beautiful plate in the beginning of the volume, with the title given above, is from the celebrated painting of West's, representing Peter's denial of his Master. It seems to have been the intention of the artist to show the power of a calm look to convey reproof to a guilty conscience.

The scene of this memorable transaction was the judgment hall, where Christ was under examination. Peter had followed the Saviour into the hall, but remained in the rear. While the examination was going on, the Saviour's face was in the direction indicated by the soldier whose cap and spear appear in the corner of the picture, and his back towards that part of the hall where Peter sits. While in this situation, from excessive fear, and from a supposition, perhaps, that his words would not reach the ears of the Saviour, whose face was in the opposite direction, and whose thoughts would be naturally too intensely occupied with his own situation to be listening to the conversation in his rear, Peter made that melancholy, thrice-uttered

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denial. Christ knew well the weakness and guilt of his disciple. At some convenient pause in the examination, he "*turned and looked upon Peter.*" This is the point in the action which the artist has selected to illustrate. The countenance of the "maid," to whom the denial had been uttered, tells the whole story. Her hands, one directed to Christ and the other to Peter, show how instinctively she comprehends at once the guilt and the reproof; while her countenance is the most eloquent commentary on the power of that calm, reproving look.

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A BAPTISM OF TEARS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Like a weak ship amid the sea,
Is human life through misery;
And storms would wreck, and billows whelm,
Did no good angel guide the helm;
Therefore, O God, on thee we call,
Almighty One, to succour all!

Not on the whirlwind's wing upborne,
Not in the glory of the morn,
Ask we thy presence; but thy power
To strengthen each frail child of clay
In life's adverse, o'erclouded hour,
When his own spirit dies away!
Ah, though the day be calm and bright,
And glorious the sublimer night,
And fields, and flowers, and waters shine
As fair as on their earliest day,

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Yet man, a creature half divine,
Goes drooping, mourning on his way!
Then, from the heavens thy dwelling-place,
Father of all, look down and see,
How wo hath left its darkening trace
Upon thy human family!

The poor,—their heritage is toil;
Their fourscore years are given as spoil
To the rich man; their bread they gain
By watching, weariness, and pain;
Hope knows them not; and cares and fears
Have bowed them like a load of years.
Their life, through caring for to-day,
Doth pass like one long pang away.
Behold them, Father, where they lie,
Blighted by many miseries,
Hungry and cold; to wan disease
A prey; unmarked by human eye,
Unpitied by a human heart!
Oh comfort them, and give them power
To look beyond the present hour,
Merciful, as thou art!
Oh give them virtue to gainsay
The cruel tempter night and day;
And hope, and health, and fortitude,
To turn life's evil into good;

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And a meek contrite heart, to bend
Before thee! Let them know thee, Friend
And Father! God, so visit these,
And lighten life of its worst miseries.

And oh, be thy great mercy sent
Unto the feeble penitent—
The wanderer from the narrow way,
The youthful spirit gone astray—
Most miserable, who cannot win
Repose by night, or peace by day—
The self-accused, who loathes his sin,
Yet hath not strength to break;
Oh save him, for thy mercy's sake!
Call, call him back, for he doth yearn
Toward thee, and longeth to return,
Thine erring, doubting, trembling child,
That seeketh to be reconciled,
Yet dare not look to thee,
Although like life he loveth thee.
Oh, do not cast him off, but still
Strengthen his feeble will!
Call, call him back, and bid him cease
From sin, and sin in dust deplore;
And give him thy serenest peace,
And give him hope, and he

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Will fly to thee rejoicingly,
And sin no more.

Another lot of misery!
I see it bowing to the earth
Children that know not childhood's mirth;
Their drooping forms I see;
But who can see their drooping heart—
Who know the anguish that they bear,—
The harrowed soul, the mortal smart,
That bears through life the wound of care?
Penuried heirs of wretchedness,
Who ne'er the smile of mercy saw,
Who have no kinder friend than *law*,
Whom no eye sees to bless!
O God, look down and see
Their unshared, desolate misery;
Pity their unawakened sense,
And their blind hopeless ignorance:
Oh teach them right from wrong
Whom no man teaches, and instil
Into their abject spirits virtues strong,
And joy which at small fountains drinks its fill.
My tongue is all unskilled to pour,
O Lord, a fitting prayer to thee,
Yet would I crave, once more, once more,
For poor humanity;

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For him whose mortal die is cast,
Who sees his life's sands ebbing fast,
  Yet has no hope, no stay, no trust;
A shrinking, feeble, fearful thing,
That to the fading world doth cling,
  Yet knows each earth-made idol, dust!
A doubter once, but now who sees
Before him stern realities—
Death, and an awful Judge, who lent
Life not to be misspent!
And now who knows, alas, too late,
  How vain a dreamer he has been,
And, shuddering, feels the past a weight
  Of mortal, unredeemed sin;
And the great work to be begun
Just when the day is done!
Mighty Avenger, spare, O spare!
Bow not his spirit to despair!
Oh seal thine awful work of grace,
  Though bought with mortal agony,
And let him hope to see thy face,
  Poor sinner though he be,
  And meet a Father and a Friend in thee!

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"LABOURERS FOR THE HARVEST;"

OR, SEAMEN THE BEST MISSIONARIES.

It is a feature of the church in the present day, that great exertions are made to spread abroad the savour of Christ's name among the heathen: our missionaries are sent forth to evangelize the world, but we frustrate their efforts to a very considerable extent, if we do not labour to evangelize the seamen who convey them. American seamen will of course be looked upon as samples of American religion; and it is not to be wondered at, that the heathens should prefer their own superstitions, when they witness the cruelties, profanities, and debaucheries of those who profess and call themselves Christians. It must run thus in the mind of a reflecting savage: "These men are brethren; so their complexion, language, and manners, declare, and one of them is a teacher of religion: we may judge then, from his companions, what is the nature and excellence of the religion he teaches, and wherein it excels our own." But if it be objected that his companions have not received his religion, it will

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very naturally be suggested to the mind of the savage, "But if these men, who are in every respect so much better qualified to judge of its merits, reject the Christian religion, how can it be expected that we should embrace it!"

It is, alas! a too well-established fact, that our own seamen are among the most inveterate enemies the Gospel meets with in those countries. Heathenism favours licentiousness, Christianity forbids it: therefore, these men are angry with its holy interference, and endeavour to excite opposition against it, and render its ministers contemptible.

The great obstacles which the religion of our crucified Lord meets with in the world, are to be found in the ungodly lives of those who profess his name; in the opposition which the Gospel encounters in Christian countries, (so called,) there is a mixture of strength; its enemies are its professed friends; it is the opposition of creed and practice, of the belief and of the life, that wounds the very vitals of Christianity among ourselves: the arguments with which our holy religion is foiled and stripped of her glory here, are drawn from the character and conduct of those who profess to believe in her divinity, and the whole amount of her failure is charged upon those who "having the form of godliness, deny the power thereof."

But send the Gospel to the heathen accompanied only

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by men who have experienced and can illustrate its saving power; men who can say each one for himself, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;" men, that can illustrate that power in their tempers and conduct, and in the whole uniform tenor of a renewed and sanctified life; to whom your missionaries can point as proofs, that "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," are the natural and spontaneous fruits of the religion of Jesus Christ, and then shall we see a nation born at once, and those parts of the earth bring forth in one day. Behold how swift the progress, how rapid the triumphs of the Gospel, thus accompanied by evidence of its truth and divinity, and encountering nothing but the darkness and weakness, (we say, for that which is wholly evil, is essential weakness,) of idolatry, rapid as the triumphs of morning over the gloom of night, swift as the headlong torrent over the bending osier.

And is not this the way to bring on the latter-day glory? for if whole nations of ignorant, idolatrous, vicious heathens were thus brought under the light and influence of the Gospel, and were thus made to exhibit to the world the power, and spirituality, and glory of Christianity, would not this do more to overthrow the scepticism, and infidelity, and formality that have overrun Christendom, than any thing else would do?

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There are traits in the character of a seaman essential to that of a missionary: their benevolence is great; they have long been proverbial for generosity; the pure element on which they live seems to have engendered it; just as the pestilential vapour of large cities, in which men are so crowded together, that they seem to fancy they may be excused for living upon one another, appears to engender avarice, and covetousness, and fraud, and injustice, and oppression, and the other forms of robbery. But generosity, especially a seaman's generosity, is a quality very distinct from benevolence and beneficence: they are the legitimate offspring of Christianity; but it is astonishing what a much more healthy appearance they bear when found grafted upon a disposition naturally generous.

Nor are seamen wanting in zeal, and they have withal a brave fearlessness, which is of singular service in a good cause. Oh, how has Christianity suffered from the timidity and cowardice of some of its professors!—But cowardice and seamen are terms that cannot be associated. His constant exposure to peril seems to have given to the mariner a kind of constitutional bravery; he is reckless of consequences in the pursuit of his favourite passion, and he has learned to laugh at that which would fill the stoutest heart with fear. He whose very sport it is to wrestle with the elements, and with coolest intrepidity to face a thousand forms of most appalling danger, and cu

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his way through the very jaws of death—who sings his careless song amidst the tempest's wildest rage, and fearlessly mans the yards when the shipl ies on her beam-ends—he possesses perhaps the truest sort of courage uninspired by Heaven.

Now send these bold, courageous, zealous, generous men abroad; and what will be the result? Nay, you do send them! Where is the port that is not visited by American seamen? where is the shore that bears not the print of their feet? But, alas! they are not Christian seamen—their good qualities have not been sanctified and pressed into the service of religion—the soil of heathen lands is stained with their crimes—they have made our holy religion to stink in the nostrils of the heathen. But let them be converted, and every seaman who leaves our ports will be the world's missionary. O this *will* be scattering the precious seed with a liberal hand, and over a wide space truly—this will be pressing into the service of the Gospel a mighty host of men, whose adaptation to the work of extending Messiah's kingdom is greater than is by many imagined.

To convert a seaman is to do far more towards evangelizing the world, than to convert almost any other man, for a landsman has comparatively few opportunities of advocating the Gospel: small is the circle through which his benevolence may range; circumscribed within the limits of the town or neighbourhood in which he dwells,

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few comparatively are the individuals with whom he, through the course of his whole life, comes in contact; and against his contracted labours, lies the whole force of that discouraging truth, "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country." But that which applies with so discouraging a force against a landsman, applies in the same ratio of encouragement to the seaman, for he has no country, no location before him; the whole population of the teeming earth passes, and people of every colour and of every clime are his neighbours, with whom he keeps up a constant correspondence,—the opportunities therefore presented to him of diffusing abroad the savour of Christ's name, are such as are presented to no other man living.

And let us not forget that seamen have souls to be saved. If there be one class of men more than another that have claims on the whole community, it is seamen: by their means a thousand of the luxuries, a thousand of the conveniences of life are procured—the clothes we wear, and the food we eat, in part come to us by this channel; and how many are the privations which they endure, who sail round the circle of the earth to minister to our gratification and comfort!

Think of the pains of an apprenticeship to this perilous calling—think of the stripling borne from the side of a tender mother, and driven aloft on a stormy night—see him clinging with frost-bitten fingers to the cold wet

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shrouds, while the sweeping blast, as it gathers round his frighted form, threatens to fling him far on the angry main; and the dashing spray, as it blinds his eyes, makes him think the billows are climbing after him to destroy him. Think of his agony and terror, brought from the lap of his mother to be cradled in that storm, aloft on the reeling mast, while the wind, as it whistles in the rigging, in his idea makes cruel sport of his sorrow.

And how little does the mariner know of the comforts of a cheerful fireside, and what a stranger is he to the endearments of domestic life! Isolated and forlorn, he drifts o'er the trackless deep, estranged from his fellow-men—broken off from society—doomed to a vagabond existence, which admits of fewer solaces and reliefs than almost any other—unknown in the land of his fathers, and greeted on his native shore only by those who lie in wait to destroy him.

But religion would prove an ægis to preserve him—religion would administer strong consolation and powerful support under the privations and perils to which he is exposed—it would break sweetly in upon the monotony of his life, and throw over every day that sacred, joyous charm, which the grace of heaven only can impart.

Give then to the mariner religion—that religion which is salvation—salvation from his fears—salvation from his vices!

THE END.

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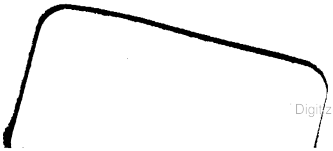
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